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THE THEATRE

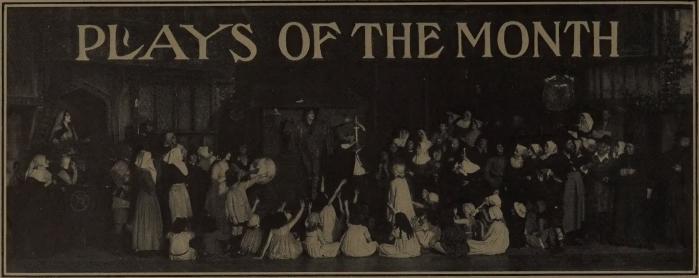
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, MAUDE ADAMS AS CHANTECLER



Byron

SCENE IN JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY'S PRIZE PLAY "THE PIPER" AT THE NEW THEATRE

KNICKERBOCKER. "CHANTECLER." Play in four acts by Edmond Rostand. Adapted by Louis N. Parker. Produced January 23 with this cast:

ChanteclerMaude Adams PatouArthur Byron
Blackbird Ernest Lawford
Peacock
NightingaleMabelle Chapman
Horned OwlBertram Marburgh
Screech OwlAllen Fawcett
ScopsE. W. Morrison
Stryx Maurice Stewart
Surnia Lillian Spencer
Owlet Edward Wilson
Caparacoch
Kite OwletDavid Manning
Owl of the RuinJames L. Carhart
Game CockBertram Marburgh

Pointer Allen Fawcett
Woodpecker Fred Tyler
Cat Walter Stanton
Turkey Cock R Peyton Carter
Duck Wallace Jackson
Guinea Chick Maurice Stewart
A Cockerel Edward Wilson
Magpie Fred Tyler
Rabbit Edna Hamel
Hen Pheasant May Blayney
Guinea Hen Dorothy Dorr
Old Hen Ada Boshell
White Hen Margaret Gordon
Grey Hen May Black Hen Lililan Spencer

for something that would fill the coffers of a theatre. It is a novelty, and an exceptionally great one.

The humanizing of birds and animals singly has not been uncommon, but rarely with a serious purpose. That Rostand had in mind "The Birds" of Aristophanes is not likely. There is no trace of imitation or suggestion in "Chantecler" which presents an absolutely new idea. The play by Aristophanes was a satire of both gods and men, with the scene laid in a mythical kingdom in the air. "Chantecler" is of the earth, and is closer to real and effective symbolism than any other play dealing so

largely in symbolism. We must surrender ourselves to the intent of the author in order to appreciate the breadth and sincerity of the piece. It is as remarkable for detail as it is for breadth. And therein are to be seen the true tests and token of genius. It is a poem as much of Nature as it is of birds. With its manifold beauties it is a masterpiece.

The idea for the play came to Rostand one day while he was watching the animals in a barnyard. A farmer drove away and the animals seemed to take advantage of his departure to get together and chatter. The dog, the peacock, the magpie, the hen, all made a formidable clatter. Suddenly, in the midst of the turmoil the Cock, a lordly rooster, appeared on the scene. He strutted in proud, defiant. Instantly, all the other animals were dumb as in the presence of a master who must be obeyed. The hens fluttered round their lord, the other animals continued their quarrels in subdued tones. In this the poet saw the rudimentary elements of the drama of everyday life as enacted among human beings. The Cock asserts his claim to supremacy because by his crow he can make the sun rise. The pheasant hen doubts his power and determines to learn his secret. She wins his heart and proves beyond a doubt that the sun will rise without him. His love affair comes

The American première of the much advertised "Chantecler" has come and gone, leaving in its trail—a sense of disappointment.

In our appreciation of a work of art, in our gratification or even gratitude of the moment, we readily designate it as a product of genius, when time and the facts do not confirm this expression. In the case of Rostand's "Chantecler" we are inclined to believe that time and universal approbation will acclaim the play a masterpiece. It will survive through its literary qualities, not merely by means of its happy phrasing in the original French, but also from its abundance of philosophy, wit, satire, and humanity.

It is greater as a book than as a play, because the difficulties of staging are well nigh insurmountable, yet even as a performance it must rank among the most remarkable events in the history of the theatre. If this unique drama of barnyard life had been written as a mercenary experiment or by a lesser man than Rostand it would have little or no significance. It would have been a different play. It might have served a temporary and practical purpose better; but here we have something with the purity, independence and inspiration of genius. Rostand never for a moment was moved to write it in order to supply a novelty in accordance with the sordid demands



White CONSTANCE COLLIER AND TYRONE POWER IN "THAIS"

It has been a strange season. The mildly apt has failed; the

elaborate commonplace has fallen

by the wayside; the intrinsically

worthy has been neglected. The

shores of the rialto are strewn with

wrecks of every kind and descrip-

tion. It is to be regretted, however,

that that which was conceived in artistic earnestness and wrought out

with commendable literary skill and

political intuition should fail to

elicit at least an encouraging re-

sponse. It is to be hoped that

Percy Mackaye will not be entirely

response, but his two productions

"The Scarecrow," his latest output, has just completed an al-

written a fantastic romance with

To work out a revenge on Jus-

witch, and Dickon, a Yankee im-

provisation of the Prince of Dark-

ness, construct the figure of a man,

win the Justice's daughter under

when seeing himself in the "mirror

of truth" he recognizes that his

some practical lessons.

to a sad end, for the pheasant hen, caught in a snare, becomes the captive of man.

That the American production was weakened, in fact, seriously handicapped by having a woman impersonate the lordly cock must be admitted even by the most loval and devoted admirers of Maude Adams. Perhaps it will forever remain a mystery why the usually perspicacious Charles Frohman selected Miss Adams for the rôle and why she consented to play it. Certainly it will add nothing to her reputation. Everyone loves Maude Adams and will crowd to see her in no matter what she appears. But may not popularity be put to too severe a test? Unwise experiments of this kind, if indulged in too long, may diminish the glory of the brightest star. If Maude Adams's astonishing success and vogue rests on anything at all, she owes it to her womanly charm, her daintiness, her sweet, refined, loveable personality. Take all these away and what remains? Chantecler is brutally masculine or he is nothing. He is aggressive, arrogant, masterful, with a powerful, virile voice and a lustiness that betrays itself both in his strut and his crow. How much of all this does Miss Adams suggest? Nothing. Her frail, womanly physique did not permit her to even hint at the possibilities of the part. She read the lines acceptably, but only so far as the poetic values went. Delivered in soft, feminine tones, the lines lost their true significance entirely. Not for a moment was

one able to forget that a delicate bit of femininity was masquerading in coarse masculine garb. The scene with the delicious hen pheasant, beautifully impersonated by Miss May Blanev, went for nothing because of this. All one saw or heard were

two hens chattering together. There was no contrast of sex; it was all in one key. Some of the longest speeches, too, were beyond Miss Adams's powers, as was shown by her painfully audible efforts to regain her breath.

The mise en scène, while elaborate, is nothing remarkable. The lighting on the opening night was not particularly good, the sunrise being poorly managed. Mr. Louis Parker has made a good translation in English verse.

GARRICK. "THE SCARECROW." Play in four acts Ravensbane ess Cynthia Merton



LEW FIELDS AND LILLIAN LEE IN "THE HEN-PECKS"

real. His soul, however, is daunt-less and pure; he'll wreck no woman's life, and so he "dies." It is in this scene that Mr. Mackaye demonstrates his true claim to the title of poet. The scarecrow's apostrophe to himself in the glass is a passionate appeal rich in poetical imagery and fraught with a fine feeling

of soulful self-abnegation. He was a true Parnassian climax.

But while his opening act, splendid in its practical detail and managed with consummate stage skill, promised much and brought about a good climacteric, lots that followed was so discursive, so irrelevant and so wanting in theatrical value, that the substantial basis of rich intellectual idea became submerged and swamped in a sea of words and an ocean of incompetent detail. Mr. Mackaye writes so ably that it is a pity for the public, he might please so well, that he does not take a collaborator with the necessary technical knowledge. Be that as it may, although "The Scarecrow" has been relegated to the store house it reflects lasting credit on the author.

The acting left little to be desired. Alice Fischer, as Bess, played with a dramatic heartiness that made her league with the devil entirely convincing. His Satanic Majesty fell to the lot of Edmund Breese. An actor with many



natural resources, a fine voice, good diction and plastic fluency, he dominated his scenes with fine theatric fervor. Rachael Merton was neatly enacted by Fola La Follette, and all the minor rôles were carefully handled, but from the histrionic viewpoint the honors feli to Frank Reicher as the pseudo Lord Ravensbane.

His was a characterization of fine poetic purpose and deft execution. The emotional side was presented with rare effect. In a word, Mr. Reicher made an impression that stamps him as a coming young actor of powerful value. Earle Browne made a manly and sympathetic lover, righteously indignant at these unholy demonstrations of the black art, and with courage enough to defy them, and Brigham Royce was dignified and forceful as Justice Gilead Merton, a man of austere principles, who has fallen by the wayside in his youth.

NEW THEATRE. "The Piper." Play in four acts by Josephine Preston Peabody. Produced January 30 with this cast:

The Piper, Edith W. Matthison; Michael-the-Sword-Eater, Frank Gilmore; Cheat-the-Devil, Jacob Wendell, Jr.; Jacobus, Lee Baker; Kurt, Ben Johnson; Peter, John Sutherland; Hans, William McVay; Axel, Stewart Baird; Mratin, Edwin Cushman; Peter, William Raymond; Anselm, Pedro de Cordoba; Old Claus, Cecil Yapp; Towa Crier, Robert Hamilton; Jan, John Tansey; Hansel, Emmett Hampton; Ilse, Jeanette Dix; Trude, Claribell Campbell; Rudi, Dorothy Wolfe; Veronika, Olive Oliver; Barbara, Dera Jesslyn; Wife of Hans, Thais Lawton; Wife of Axel, Elsie Herndon Kearns; Wife of Martin, Mary Doyle; Old Ursula, Mrs. Sol. Smith.

The chief charm and delight of life is the care and love of children. To see them at play is to witness happiness. They epitomize and symbolize the joys of existence. Miss Peabody's prize play, "The Piper," is essentially a play of child life. Everything else in it is

subordinate to this charm. Its philosophy and symbolism are not always clearly presented, its action is not always unfolded with dramatic precision, but its childlife is always picturesque and charming. The production by the New Theatre is one of the highest possible achievements in taste and the executive skill of the stage.

The Burgomeister and the council of Hamelin refuse to pay the Piper the reward of one thousand guilders for having rid them of the horde of rats infesting the town; he had lured them

away with his pipe to a watery death. When they retire into the church to give thanks for their deliverance, the Piper, in the marketplace, begins softly with his lute, and the children, singly and in groups, in nightgown or however clad, dance about him, and then in procession dance away, following the entrancing lute. As they disappear, the two little acolytes, in red, bound out of the church, tumbling over each other, and hurry to join them. They are next seen in a "hollow hill," and as the Piper must away to reconnoitre, he provides means for their entertainment during his absence. His chief bit of magic for them is his creation of a rainbow that he leaves with them. One little child, the son of the "foreign woman" at Hamelin, is a cripple and for him he tenderly cares, giving him wings for his feet, and it is through the mother's

love for this child that he is mainly moved to return them all to their undeserving and sordid parents. The children are brought back dancing to the lute.

All this is indescribably lovely and appealing. Otherwise, to be entirely frank, the play is often dreary. The intent and the

chronously. At monwhen it should be call be pieced togeth causes do not alw sequence. Moreover, fantastic. Thus, Bar Burgomeister, is to become a nun and ha out in darkness, as a for the return of the Now, the Piper was with his troupe, was from his booth in the at this time. Among he the-Sword-Swallower, his sword to the de He finds Barbara, willowe, and in the hope her to the cross-road no very definite purposhe loves and longs.

SAM H. HARRIS

Sam H. Harris, of the managerial firm

Cohan & Harris, was born in New York

shout 38 years ago. His first success was

in the burlesque business, and later he

made a fortune with such melodramas as

"The Evil Men Do," "The Fatal Wed
ing," etc. Some years ago he became

the partner of George M. Cohan, and is

beday the executive head of the Cohan

today the executive head of the Cohan

philosophy of the play are not unfolded synchronously. At moments, the very inoments when it should be clear, it is vague. It can all be pieced together finally. Motives and causes do not always come in the right sequence. Moreover, they are often merely fantastic. Thus, Barbara, the daughter of the Burgomeister, is to be sent to a convent to become a nun and have her bright life snuffed out in darkness, as a measure of propitiation for the return of the children lured away. Now, the Piper was a strolling player and, with his troupe, was giving exhibitions in or from his booth in the market place at Hamelin at this time. Among his followers was Michaelthe-Sword-Swallower. We see him swallow his sword to the delight and wonder of all. He finds Barbara, with whom he has fallen in love, and in the hope of rescuing her, he brings her to the cross-roads, where the Piper, with no very definite purpose, is hiding in the bushes. She loves and longs for the Piper. It seems that she would prefer the Convent to the Sword-Swallower. What does the Piper do? He does not love her. He has other business than love in hand, but exactly what that other business is is not clear enough in a dramatic way. There is no progressive action in any plan the

Piper has. As to Barbara he has her drink a cup of water from a spring at the cross-roads which acts as a love philter, where-upon Barbara adores the Sword-Swallower. Is this cruel deed of marrying off the Burgomeister's daughter to a sword-swallower satire or symbolism or poetry or what? Or is it simply the device of the poetic opportunist? In no event is there any dramatic justification for it.

The scenic setting of the play is uncommonly beautiful, and no scene is more effective than that of the Cross-Roads. A large

neglected shrine stands there, with a weather-worn figure of Christ. Presently the procession of priests and villagers from Hamelin is heard approaching, swinging censers and chanting. The Piper softly pipes, and the gravest of them, all the pilgrims, begin to dance and dance their way back home in confusion. Whenever the Piper and the children are in action we have diversion. It is here that the Piper encounters Veronica searching for her lost child. Her attitude moves him, but he refuses to give the children up to parents who know only the love of gold. Veronica departs, and the Piper, after a passionate address to "the Lonely Man," the image of Christ, at the Cross-Roads, suddenly relents and will take the children back. "The Piper" is not at all a well constructed drama, but the intent is there and the material is poetic and



Holbrook Blinn Frank Sheridan
Act II. The Archbishop reproves the Boss
SCENE IN "THE BOSS" AT THE ASTOR THEATRE

Scenes in Rupert Hughes' New Comedy "Excuse Me" at the Gaiety Theatre



ACT I. THE PULLMAN DAY COACH—ON THE WAY TO RENO





ACT III. THE HOLD-UP IN THE PULLMAN DAY COACH



Act I. Max tells the Princess that he will take care of her jewels

SCENE IN THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY "THE BALKAN PRINCESS" AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE

exalted. We consent to the acclamation of Miss Peabody as ed-fails to introduce a number of subsequent scenes that are a woman of genius. She is a living well-spring of pure English, and that is something, in these days of banality in speech, for national rejoicing. The play was worthy of its distinction in having its words uttered at the shrine of Shakespeare.

The choice of Miss Edith Wynne Matthison to play the part of the Piper was in every way wise. Inconsistency was not felt in her performance, and there was a tremendous gain on the poetic side. In point of fact (the poetic idea being better) the Piper was a ragged, illiterate stroller.

DALY'S. "THE FAUN." Play in three acts by Edward Knoblauch. Produced January 16 with this cast:

.....Mr. Faversha

Edward Knoblauch is an uneven dramatist. "The Shulamite," his initial offering in this city, did not meet with a liberal public support, but it was nevertheless a well constructed play of compelling dramatic interest. "The Cottage in the Air" was long winded and futile. Faun," in which William Faversham is personating the titular rôle at Daly's, is a satiric comedy that just misses being a work of supreme excellence. Some of the scenes are crude and the exposition is so abrupt that the certain element of conviction—so needliterally gems of cynical humor and philosophic observation. But it is pleasing to hear the report "that the play has gotten over the footlights and that Mr. Faversham will need no further medium for the remainder of his season."

Lord Stonbury, who has experienced tremendous losses on the turf, decides to end it all and is just prevented from shooting himself by the sudden appearance from a huge urn of geraniums of The Faun. On account of his intimacy with the animals the Faun strikes a bargain with his lordship. He will tell him just what horses will win and Stonbury shall introduce him into English society. From these premises the more or less obvious emerges. The ingenuous faun, with his love of nature and truth,

> sets all his society acquaintances by the ears. In the spirit which Gilbert used so happily in "Pygmalion and Galatea" the truth, which he advances, precipitates complications; there is much trenchant observation in the futilities of modern life, but the results are happy as shams are swept away, conventions wiped out, and the logical lovers properly united; the Faun returning to his native woods resolved that society is hollow and that true happiness and nature are synonymous.

> Mr. Faversham staged this piece himself, a mistake, as no central figure can do justice to a true balance of proportions. But his impersonation was a genuine artistic delight. Instinct with youth, graciously volatile and exuberantly frank, he imparted to his witty and corrus-

(Continued on page vii)



Herbert A. Yost Margaret Lawrence
Act I. On board the SS. Hendrik Hudson
SCENE IN "OVER NIGHT"



Janet Dunbar

Act I. Peter Grimm (David Warfield): "A busy little girl about the house—a neat little housewife!"

SCENE IN DAVID BELASCO'S CURIOUS NEW PLAY OF SPIRITUALISTIC SIGNIFICANCE ENTITLED "THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM"

THEY tell of Mary Garden that she once said: "I like

battles; they don't frighten me." In that case, her New York début must have been one of unmixed joy, for no opera singer on record ever made good against a greater storm of opposition. Her voice, her répertoire, her were made the target of the most merciless attack, and when she did win out, it was against ingrained prejudice or, still harder, against absolute indifference to new methods. Everyone now knows the story of the girl who went from Chicago to Paris to study, and how she got a chance to sing "Louise" unexpectedly, only to find herself acclaimed next morning by tout Paris as a great artist.

But even the acclaim of Paris overnight puts no one in the fore-front of artistic success. It has to be won again and again, and yet again. It has to endure the tests of varying viewpoints, of incessant criticism, of yet more incessant competition. Success is a logical thing: the logical outcome of underlying conditions. In Miss Garden's case, neither her voice, nor her dramatic skill,

nor her beauty, nor even her phenomenal capacity for hard work, in itself a genius—none of these things fully account for her successes. The reasons lie much deeper, and they are twofold.

In the first place, the keynote of modern life is unrest; its underlying motif is one of yearning. Again, the most potent charm of personality is admittedly that of elusiveness. Miss Garden's art gives us a perfect expression of that unrest, while her characters invariably strike the chord of elusiveness. They are perfect in their poetic charm, but they always leave a question behind them. Whatever the type of character,—and the range of her work is unusually wide,—Miss Garden invariably reads into it the elusive note.

For instance, Thais, perfect in her insolent beauty, supreme on her courtesan's throne, is yet weary of her life. These men who have possessed her body have never held her soul. Athanael, the monk who longs to convert, and ends by longing to possess her, comprehends her no better than the rest. Her soul yields itself finally to religious ecstasy, and finds there its satisfaction, while the cries of Athanael fall on deaf ears.

The little Juggler, vainly listening for something in the narrow disputes of the self-absorbed monks that shall answer his vague questionings,—what a wonderful, wistful picture of him Miss Garden has given us! Little street-sparrow that he is, prisoned in the cloister's cage, the soul of him pines for liberty. When his good friend the cook tells the Juggler that all service is acceptable to the Virgin, the striving soul has unwittingly been given its way of escape. The boy performs his tricks for the Virgin, who understands. Only the visible miracle, however,



The Art of Mary Garden

"has in her eyes a great innocence." Out of a cruel, mysterious past she comes into a still more cruel present. Never can Goland apprehend her. She bears his child on her death-bed, but their souls have never met.

Dreamily Marguerite sings of things unknown to her, coming fast into her life—and the answer to her question is the jewel-box of Faust. Perhaps no Marguerite before Miss Garden has made us feel so keenly the cruelty of that answer. Other Marguerites have read into it their vanity; some have read sensuality, but Mary Garden's Marguerite reads it as the symbol of that love of which she has dreamed. `

Salome and Louise stand together, in that both inherit strange and powerful passions. Louise's lover and the life he represents, are calling Louise equally—she knows not fully to what. Only she knows that for sternness and restraint she is offered love and freedom. After her short stay with Julien there has been roused in her what none can still, and when she is enticed back to her parents, she is a woman, strong to fight for her love, ruthless in her anger and disillusionment. In the final cruel scene, in her unbridled rage and longing, we see the modern revolt against unsatisfying conditions. We hear the modern cry, "I have a right to my happiness!" But we are left questioning, through Miss Garden's art, whether Julien, the merry and careless, will comprehend any better than her parents, the strange brooding young soul.

Salome is "the product of blood and lechery," but into her brain-sick life there comes an ideal man. That love to her means indulgence is natural. She is pursued constantly from the first moment by love—of the soldier, of her step-father, of the page

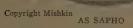
speaks to his monk-fellows. "A saint," they cry, as he dies, but had he

lived, discipline and ostracism must have been his portion.

Sapho is the good-fellow type, even among the Paris light-o'loves. We see her enter, pushing away her suitors with disdainful good nature. At the sight of Jean, something younger, fresher, purer than she has yet known, calls to her. She follows the call of Jean's hurt, but when convinced that it is to his harm, leaves him. As she turns from his sleeping figure, and with never a backward look passes out of his life, one knows that Sapho has found herself in sacrifice. It would have been easy to make her the mere vulgar courtesan, inspired for once by a good impulse; but Miss Garden has done much more. She has shown us the realization even in Sapho of a great ideal, dimly Griseldis the loyal, Mélisande

the mysterious, Marguerite the innocent, are all distinguished from one another by Miss Garden's perfect and individual characterization, yet all three possess the same peculiar elusive quality. The dream-princess, Mélisande.







AS MELISANDE

She eludes all, using them for her own purposes, only to find herself eluded, and death the only answer to her miserable riddle.

The very range of type covered by these

various impersonations argues a wonderful talent, but Miss Garden does more for us than merely sing the character—she is Mélisande, Sapho, the Juggler; for her own personality is as elusive as that of any character she assumes.

Secondly, her appeal is strongly made to the modern desire for realism; even in opera, from which it has for so long a time been banished by tradition. It is not necessary to go back over the entire history of the operas to realize that into our modern conception of them some realism was bound to come. It has-and to remain. There may be—some of them are—exquisite glimpses into a life too beautiful to be real,—a world of fairyland, song and story, but just to make one's dream complete, one must

have in it some semblance of the real. Marguerite's voice may be all that is most beautiful, but if she be

dying mechanically in white chiffon in her

prison, one sense is gratified at the expense of another, and, worst of all, of common sense. When Mary Garden, the most pathetic of

Copyright Mishkin AS SALOME

figures in her coarse black prison garb, lays her face in tenderest caress against Faust's hands, and then breaking from him, sings as at their first meeting:

"Je ne suis belle-ni demoiselle-"

we feel ourselves in the presence of a love that is stronger than death—as strong as eternal life. The last song ends in a torrent of melody; Mephistopheles' crouching figure creeps away baffled. Only the lovers remain, the dead and the living linked forever, their love purified by suffering. We are less in the presence of a great cosmic tragedy worked out than in that of an exquisite love-dream fulfilled.

"And I, too, have been in Arcady," says the rapt listener.

Place beside so superb an impersonation the smug Marguerites, the commonplace Violettas, the traditionridden Lucias of an



Copyright Mishkin AS MANON



AS LOUISE



Copyright Mishkin AS MARGUERITE







Copyright Dupont MARY GARDEN AS THE JUGGLER IN "LE JONGLEUR DE NOTRE DAMF"

earlier period—and one no longer wonders at this artist's success. There will always exist the type of opera-goer who prefers "Rigoletto" to "Louise." It is well that it should be so. One sees in "Elektra" what the realistic school might become, taken too far; and the conservative element in music as elsewhere is indispensable. Meantime it is a joy to know that the operatic stage holds artists who can delight the ear without offending the eye; as well as composers who can give emotion a

musical vehicle without outraging every law of common sense. We have come to realize that artistically as well as mathematically the whole is greater than any one part—and more than any woman on the operatic stage at present, we can thank Mary Garden for that realization. Whether she can in the future live up to her own standard remains to be seen. Given her endowment of talent, her artistic insight and her ambition, there is no reason to doubt that her future may distance her past. Clare P. Peeler.

A Chat with Julia Marlowe and Susan B. Anthony

I T was in Rochester about five years ago. Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe were playing "Romeo and Juliet" and Miss Marlowe had invited me to come to see her after the play. I was then a school girl and a great admirer of Miss Marlowe, and my delight knew no bounds. I had seen the play many times and dearly loved it, but that evening could hardly wait for the "there rest and let me die," which meant the final curtain. However, as all good things must come to an end, I finally found myself back on the stage, which was very dark.

As I was being led to Miss Marlowe's room, I caught a glimpse of Juliet's tomb with its great iron gates, the floor all strewn with white roses and the whole flooded with moonlight. In another minute I was being welcomed into a warm, brilliantly lighted dressing room by Miss Marlowe herself. Although she was dressed in Juliet's "best robes" of white satin and gold with camellias in her hair, there was no trace of the unhappy Juliet in this smiling, gracious woman, who greeted me with such cordiality and simplicity. I remember she asked me all about my school, and how I marveled when she said she envied me studying Latin and Geometry. I could hardly realize that this woman with her merry laugh and exquisite sense of humor was Juliet, Viola,

With great glee she made her little black cockerspaniel come out from under the sofa and make friends with me. (He hated strangers and al-

Ophelia!

ways sulked.) Finally there came a knock at the door and a maid announced "Miss Anthony."

Miss Marlowe seemed very much pleased and Miss Anthony and her sister came in. They were the most charming, quaint little old ladies I have ever seen. Miss Susan Anthony did all the talking and spoke of the beautiful performance of "Romeo and Juliet," and that Shakespeare was the only one after all, and ended up with saying, "Julia, you are the only actress I ever go to see now." She then asked for Mr. Sothern and he came in, looking very Italian in his deep purple Romeo costume.

Miss Anthony spoke of having known his father, and having many times seen his inimitable performance of "Lord Dundreary," and then she added in her quaint little way "you don't look at all like your father—he was so handsome," which made us all laugh. She told us it was her birthday, and how busy and happy she had been lately.

After they had gone she stood a long time in deep thought and finally turned to me and said, "do you know why that woman at her age is so content and happy? it's because she has such a full, interesting life, and is doing good and helping people." She then chose a bunch of violets from among her flowers, and as she gave them to me kissed me good-night.

I drove home with visions of a wonderful love, two dear, quaint little old ladies, and crowning all, the remembrance of a charming, simple, wholesome woman. MARGARET BRADFORD.



JULIA MARLOWE AS JULIET



Harry Mestayer ' Gertrude Dallas Henry Kolker Louise Hudson Collier
Act I. Hofer (Henry Kolker): "Mother, the man I insulted this morning was Brandmeyer."
SCENE IN JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY'S PLAY "THE GREAT NAME," NOW RUNNING SUCCESSFULLY IN CHICAGO

OMEDY that is brisk, vital, refreshing was disclosed at the Cort

THE GREAT NAME

that symphony she remains unmoved, for she realizes that Hofer has no ability

Theatre, Chicago, when Henry Kolker made his début as a star in a vehicle in three acts, called "The Great Name," adapted by James Clarence Harvey from the German of Victor Leon and Leo Feld.

Admirably staged by George Marion, the plot fairly bounds along with flashes of genuine humor, giving place to moments

of sincere pathos in scenes of considerable force. The entire press has united in declaring the piece refreshing in its sweetness and originality. A more satisfactory vehicle could not have been chosen to present Kolker to the public for the first time in a stellar capacity. His success in a genial, many-sided, eccentric character rôle has been unqualified, though significant honors are shared by Harry Mestayer and Russ Whytal in two skillfully, acted rôles.

Briefly the plot concerns the brilliant triumph of a young composer, Joseph Hofer, created by Kolker, who reaches an astonishing degree of popularity in the making of light and airy waltzes. He has composed, however, a symphony on a big theme which he is most desirous of having played by the Philharmonic Orchestra. He loves his secretary, Stephanie Delius, the daughter of a once famous musician, but after playing over

in the composition of worthy music. In the orchestra engaged in playing his latest operetta the composer discovers an old friend, Brandmeyer—a genius, neglected and unheard, who has composed a wonderful symphony known as "Orestes." Discovering that Brandmeyer is in straitened circumstances with a family dependent upon him, Stephanie wishes to do some-

Gertrude Dallas

Act I. Hofer: "Miss Stephanie, why do you always call me Maestro?"

SCENE IN THE NEW COMEDY "THE GREAT NAME"

thing to assist her father's old friend. It occurs to Rupert Lang, Hofer's librettist, that it would be an excellent idea to coerce Wigand, the orchestral director, into giving Brandmeyer's masterpiece by pretending that it is the work of the celebrated Hofer. Having a symphony of his own to exploit Hofer rebels, when Stephanie, in an admirably acted scene, tells him that his own symphony is worthless. With an unselfishness that almost stuns the neglected Brandmeyer, he offers the use of his name. The symphony is about to be heard when the first violin. Roland, falls, stricken with heart disease. Another bill is to be promptly substituted when Brandmeyer himself courageously leaps into the breach and plays the solo in his own work. The symphony scores a triumph, and when Hofer, the supposed composer, is called before the curtain, he drags Brandmeyer, shame-faced, before the cheering multitude. For the first

time, Stephanie finds her heart. For in her estimation the man who gave his name to lift his struggling brother has become great for the first time, and to that miracle she surrenders her love.

A well-balanced cast gives a most absorbing and interesting

performance, including Russ Whytal as Brandmeyer, a character rôle, sombre, picturesque; Harry Mestayer as Rupert Lang, playing out skillfully and with convincing contrast the melodious lighthearted love story which bounds along the surface; as who loves real greatness; Lizzie Hudson Collier, as Hofer's mother; and Sam Edwards, Andrew Robson, Frances Gaunt, and Ruth Chatterton in less

conspicuous

\$15,000 Tapestry curtain of the New blackstone theatre, chicago

rôles. The action takes place in Hofer's home, in the plain living room of Brandmeyer's flat, and in the musician's room at the concert hall. During the progress of the third act, the Orestes Symphony, composed by Theodore Bendix, is played in the supposed concert auditorium beyond the Musician's room, and the allusion of a concert in progress is perfect, especially at the final climax when Brandmeyer is dragged out to bow his thanks.

In these days when almost any bare-looking barracks is hastily painted over, crammed over-full with seats and called a theatre, it is a delight to the knowing play-goer to wander into the new Blackstone Theatre in Chicago. A more artistic and at the same time a more comfortable theatre has never been opened to the public anywhere. The first glimpse is something of a shock. It is elegant, reposeful, exquisite in its artistic charm. Not the

slightest indication of the spirit of modern greed and haste is observable anywhere. The Blackstone might have been erected exclusively for royalty and its distinguished guests. It is a temple of art, indeed, sprung Aladdin-like, out of an ugly reeking leek patch. To the right the trolleys whizz by, to the left the great lake tosses its foaming skirts noisily, across the way a saloon blazes insolently, yet the Blackstone stands detached, a thing of beauty, as if the sandy oil had been touched by some magic wand. It is another glimpse of the new Chicago rising slowly out of its first crude chrysalis.

Externally the house has distinction. Its broad facade of gray sand stone rises in the French Renaissance style, a wide canopy of iron and glass jutting out over the sidewalk. Within the long row of glass doors stretches a

auditorium with a lovely subdued glow and casting a glimmer over the rare curtain above. In that curtain comes the greatest surprise. No other theatre in this country has a drop like it, and there are only two or three similar ones in the world, one in Milan, another in Moscow. No Parisian or London theatre may boast of such a curtain. It is a handsome piece of tapestry, woven especially at Aubusson, near Paris, for this purpose, and costing \$15,000. It is the largest single piece of tapestry ever imported into this country, measuring thirty feet by forty-five. The painting of the cartoon took place in the studio of M. Lamaille in Montmartre and the actual work of weaving at Aubusson occupied nearly eighteen months. It is a reproduction of one of the famous pieces owned by Napoleon the Great, now hanging in the Louvre, and its scene depicts a party of

broad lobby beautifully finished in French walnut and gold, its

mirrored doors in turn leading into a fover comfortably wide.

One is struck at once on reaching the foyer with the sense of quiet and repose dominating the whole. The seats are upholstered arm-chairs, fitted with foot-cushions for those who

require them

and arranged in rows so widely

set apart that

they permit any

spectator to walk

out along a row of fellow-spec-

tators without touching his

Comforta bly seated, the first

glimpse discloses the fact that

there are no

boxes except a single semi-bal-

cony box on either side, simi-

lar to the royal

box in European

theatres. Down at the end of

each aisle close to the orchestra

pit stands a

huge Italian

wrought iron lamp, artistical-

ly shaded, light-

ing the lower

knees.

young people dancing in a glade at Fontainebleau in the time of Louis XIII. The predominating tint is Empire vert, the same color scheme being maintained throughout the whole auditorium, combined with ivory and cloth of gold.

A balcony and gallery rise in a steady incline, every seat on each floor being upholstered, and commanding an admirable view of the stage. Behind the last row of seats on each upper floor there is a wide promenade, leading out through a fire wall into a lobby with lounging rooms. The seating capacity is about 1,200.

An indirect system of lighting is employed and the ventilation perfect. The stage itself is equipped with all the latest improvements, the whole costing a half-million dollars.

L. FRANCE PIERCE,



One of the proscenium boxes in the new Blackstone Theatre, Chicago



Copyright Charles Frohman May Blayney Act II. The Morning of Chantecler-The Invocation to the Sun



Act III. The Day of the Guinea Hen-The Meeting of Chantecler and the Game Cock



Photo Lande

Signor Caruso Mme. Destina SCENE IN FRANCHETTI'S OPERA "GERMANIA," RECENTLY HEARD AGAIN AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Opera House.

EW YORK is revelling in another opera invasion—this time it is not in the spirit of artistic war

AT THE OPERA

it cannot be denied that the Metropolitan and its audience had extended the warmest hand of welcome to its Chicago

allies. Justice and fairness demand that there be no invidious

comparison between these performances and those of the regular wing of the Metropolitan forces. They are in a sense "guests,"

and New York should be glad-and is, too, for that matter-to

hear these French operas again. So that critical angle is disposed

of, but—and this is not dyspeptic faultfinding—the performances

given this far do not compare very favorably with the same opera

productions sung by the same artists, given at the Manhattan

minor instances. But will anybody pretend, for instance, that

Mary Garden's voice, or her singing, sounds as effective at the

Take "Thais." These principals were all the same, save in

to the knife, but is entirely in the mood of friendly rivalry: in a word, the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company is paying weekly visits to the Metropolitan Opera House, and is presenting French opera. Andreas Dippel is general manager of this flying wedge of French opera, its general musical director is Cleofonte Campanini, and nearly all of its artists are familiar figures and voices since it is nothing less than the Manhattan Opera House ensemble, so wonderfully collected and culled by Oscar Hammerstein. When the Metropolitan directorate bought out Oscar Hammerstein's rights to local activities, they took over most of his artists, scenery, performing rights to French works, and also the good will of the public-as is testified by the enthusiastic attendance at the Metropolitan during these French operas. These events are so recent that they need only be touched upon in passing. So when the season of French opera began at the Metropolitan, with a performance of Massenet's "Thaïs," on January 24th, the large and brilliant audience did not assemble to greet new faces, to

Metropolitan as it did at the Manhattan? It is true that she has been made thrall by grippe, and that she was physically scarcely able to appear on the night of "Thaïs," so that may be taken as an excuse in her favor; but in the following week's "Louise" she was presumably restored to health, and yet her voice rang hollow and disappointingly at times in the big and severe audi-

hear new voices, nor to witness a novelty; in fact, it was simply a revival of a well-known work, sung by familiar singers.

and disappointingly at times in the big and severe auditorium of the Metropolitan. Histrionically, Mary Garden has lost nothing; all her familiar statuesque and effective poses are still in her stage répertoire, and she exhibited them to fullest advantage in, and as, "Thaïs." She was beautiful to look upon, and she acted the rôle of this Alexandrian courtesan with utmost freedom, while in her final moments of atonement she was none the less effective.

But that fact did not curb enthusiasm in the least. All straws pointed the way for a night of demonstration. It began when Campanini entered the orchestra pit and was greeted by a fanfare and applause. He must have had curious sensations about coming back to the Metropolitan, an opera house in which he conducted in 1883 - as the gray heads of opera history can prove by flashing proofs in cold, unrelenting printer's And the enthusiasm that

began then prevailed throughout the evening, and whatever

else may be said or thought,

Maurice Renaud, as Athanael, was again that fine, fervent actor as ever he is, artistic to his finger tips. He has sung at the Metropolitan earlier this season, so that this audience knew how his yoice sounded there. The

Copyright Mishkin
MAURICE RENAUD
Metropolitan



Copyright Dupont
MME, NORDICA
In concert



WILHELM BECK

surprise and disappointment came in Charles Dalmores, Perhaps when he is heard here in a more dramatic part, he will show to greater advantage. Clotilde Bressler-Gianoli sang

however, for it was expected that the ringing, dramatic voice of this tenor would find its real artistic response in the Metropolitan. But as a matter of fact, though he sang well, and his voice and acting had all the jubilant note of the bon vivant of Alexandria, the effect was a trifle disappointing. It scarcely "got over the footlights" — as theatrical parlance has it.

with the same contagious high spirits as formerly at the Manhattan. This may sound an unimportant detail to harp upon, but having furnished their own standard at the Manhattan, it is only reasonable that they live up to it. One interesting fea-

ture about this performance was the restoration of a scene that had been cut out, namely, that of the Noctambulist, sung by Edmond Warnery. Mary Garden's Louise was again finely acted, but her singing was below her own artistic level; Dalmores was excellent as Julien, and Bressler-Gianoli sang and acted the



HECTOR DUFRANNE

Heard in "Louise" at the Metropolitan

the small part of Albine creditably, and the lesser vocal lights shone ably in the ensemble. Campanini conducted with energy and swing, and the sentimentalists in the audience insisted that the orchestral intermezzo, the saccharine "Meditation" be repeated, which demand Campanini granted, though with little artistic credit to himself. The orchestra is fair in tone quality, the chorus of "frowsy Cenobites," as they have been called, was decidedly ragged; and, worst of all, the scenery showed such unmistakable signs of travel and hard usage that it was surprising that it should have been shown in such a state.

The second performance of this French series was Charpentier's "Louise," and the selfsame principals officiated as at the Manhattan in former seasons. Mary Garden, in the title rôle, Bressler-Gianoli as the Mother, Dalmores as Julien, and Dufranne as the Father. Campanini conducted, and it was a generally creditable performance, although the chorus in the third act was not equal to its difficult task, and almost came to grief. Another important episode, the sewing-room scene, was not acted and sung

rôle of the Mother wonderfully. But best of all was Dufranne, who, as the Father, displayed a fine, resonant voice, artistically handled and with clear diction. It was a joy to hear him, and there was not a whit less pleasure in seeing his capital impersonation of this simple man. Enthusiasm reigned here as at the first of these French performances, proving that Oscar Hammerstein only whetted New York's appetite for products of the modern French opera composers.

In the regular Metropolitan season things have gone the even tenor of their way. "Das Rheingold" had its first performance this season, beginning the matinée cycle of Wagner's colossal "Der Ring des Nibelungen." It was one of the best presentations in years of this famous music drama, the performance moving without any scenic mishaps, which is truly a feat in this work with its many changes of scene without any intermissions. With few exceptions, the cast was ideally made. The services of such artists as Soomer, Reiss, Burrian, Goritz, Homer, Glück and Alten were enlisted, there had been ample rehearsals, and Mr.



Copyright Dupont MME. ALDA

DALMORES

Copyright Mishkin MISCHA ELMAN Russian Violinist

MME. GADSKI

MME. KIRKBY-LUNN

Hertz conducted a really admirable performance. Mariska Aldrich sang Fricka for the first time and was better in this than in any thing else that she has attempted here. Carl Burrian was the restless, evasive god of fire, Loge, and he fairly outdid himself in his acting of this rôle.

Then, too, was there a revival of Wagner's unique comic opera "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," which had been produced under Toscanini's baton last season, but so late in the opera year that it was heard here but twice. It created a vast amount of praising comment, so that interest was keen for its revival this year. There was no disappointment attached, for it was a mas-

"Germania" was also revived during the course of Metropolitan events. This Franchetti opera was heard here a year ago for the first time and met with only a fairly enthusiastic reception. Its present presentation did more than that, and the performance itself, although sung by the same principals, showed more real spirit and interest. Caruso sang beautifully, as Loewe; and in the rôle of Carlo, Amato has a magnificent opportunity for display of his fine voice and his finished manner of singing. Emmy Destinn sang Ricke admirably, and Toscanini conducted with fire.

There have been, besides, many repetitions of well known operas among which "Tristan und Isolde" was given some mem-



Edith Wynne Matthison as the Piper

Act. III. The Piper refuses to restore to Veronica her child Jan

SCENE IN JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY'S PRIZE PLAY "THE PIPER" AT THE NEW THEATRE

terly performance. Destinn appeared here for the first time as Eva, and created a most favorable impression, singing it, as she does everything, with musically satisfying effect. Carl Jörn was the Walther, a part in which he is very good, and Soomer's Hans Sachs is a rôle that suits his booming, noble voice wonderfully. Goritz as Beckmesser is famous on two shores of the ocean, and on this occasion he was quite up to his usual form, bringing to hearing all the fun and satire of this part. Wickam's Magdalene left something to be desired. Toscanini conducted with that inspiring love which he bestows upon everything that comes under his hands, eyes and baton. But here he again showed himself to be a great Wagnerian leader, grasping the humor-Teutonic humor, at that—completely. Some of his detractors contend that Toscanini's "Meistersinger" is Italian, not German, but that is possibly because he refuses to brutalize this work as much as some heavier-handed German conductors. One feature about this performance was the remarkable chorus work in the end of the second act.

orable performances. These latter, the excellent presentations of "Rheingold" and "Meistersinger" prove conclusively what is the attitude of the present regime toward German opera. Wagner's popularity among Metropolitan audiences seems really to be increasing instead of diminishing, due doubtless to the interesting and excellent performances his works are receiving.

Nor is Wagner slumbering in the concert room. Johanna Gadski and the Philharmonic Society have given a series of Wagner concerts that have crowded Carnegie Hall to its utmost. And justly so, Gadski, who has been on a long concert tour, was in brilliant voice and stirred her audiences. The Philharmonic Orchestra, under Gustav Mahler's baton, also gave some rousing readings of well-known Wagner excerpts.

And Lillian Nordica, too, has given Wagner concerts, with the aid of the New York Symphony Society conducted by Walter Damrosch. Nordica tried the experiment of singing some of the Wagner texts in English.

And if German has flourished, so (Contin

(Continued on page vi)

Scenes in Percy Mackaye's Fantastic Drama "The Scarecrow"







Rachel Merton (Fola La Follette) • Dickon (Edmund Breese)
ACT II. DICKON: "HIS LORDSHIP MUST SMOKE HIS PIPE"

Emma Trentini-the "Little Devil" of the Opera House

7 HICH is the real Trentini?" I inquired, for two distinct, opposing young women had flashed upon the screen of my consciousness, had appeared and vanished and left me puzzled.

Emma Trentini, twenty-two years old, and a star of comic opera, looked puzzled, too, for at twentytwo we have not lived long enough to fully obey the difficult command: "Know thyself."

"I don't know," she answered, after the little clock on the mantel had ticked away two minutes of her frowning concentration upon the subject. "When I am skipping about the stage, singing and acting, I think that that is the me-here." She pressed a pair of tiny brown. hands upon her breast. "When I come home, I am silent. I think, think all the time, and say nothing. The day passes, and I speak no word to anyone. My maid and I are as quiet as the grave. Then I think,

"But when I have guests, when some one comes in, I entertain. I am as I am on the stage. Perhaps that is the real Trentini, and the other is the resting Trentini. I do not know."

"One is the music, the other the rest in the music?"

"Perhaps, yes, I think so." The starlet nodded with a sage smile.

The night before I had seen her,

a pulsing, capering, carolling madcap, demonstrating what the giants of science had declared is impossible, perpetual motion, on the stage, as Naughty Marietta. This morning I had found her a grave-faced, demure-mannered little person, risking words only when they were needed, thoughtful, measured. The sprite had disappeared, and there had succeeded a seemingly tired young woman, whose slim shoulders yielded a bit to the burden of worldly cares. The night before she had worn scarlet. To-day she wore a black velvet. Colors express the spirit or subdue it.

But the search for the real self interested her. Voluntarily she pursued it.

"Are we not several selves, perhaps, at the same time. Certainly, at different times. For me, as I review the procession of Trentinis, I can see three. My first recollection is of the first, the little Emma. She was a wordless child. If persons spoke to her, she did not answer. I can see her sitting in the corner of the chimney. She was very black, and the chimney made her more so, but she did not care. She had but two wants, to sit always in the chimney, and to be let alone. She hated to talk. I do not know what her thoughts were, perhaps only of being

"I have a little nephew, who is black, and lumpish, and silent, and sullen. My mother points to him and says: 'There is you, Emma. There is the child you were.'

"This silent Emma lasted for ten years. I was ten years old when they sent me to a convent school. Then the silent Emma died, and the impish Emma was born. What a dreadful Emma!



EMMA TRENTINI

It is because I remember her well that I am able to play Naughty Marietta. She played tricks on her schoolmates and on the good sisters, the imp, Emma Trentini, and she crowned her naughtiness by running away. Because she wore the uniform, the costume, of the pupils of the convent, she was discovered and brought back. I am afraid she made her entrance into the convent grounds kicking and scratching her captors. I am quite sure of it. I do not know what would have become of the imp, Trentini, if they had not discovered in her a voice.

"It was nothing that she could sing, for everyone in Italy sings. In Naples, particularly, you do not meet on the street a beggar, nor in the palaces a noble, who cannot sing. But I began singing at three, and my voice grew faster than my body. They let me lead the singing in the girls' classes, and sing with the choir of nuns. That steadied me, and gave me a purpose. Then appeared and remained the new Trentini, the Trentini with the voice, the singing Trentini."

"Who is perhaps the other two Trentinis in one?'

"Si, I mean yes."

From these soul states of Trentini we passed to a common state in a common world, not the smiling world of charm and leisure, but the frowning world of work and con-

centration, the world of money earning and money saving.

"This is the first season that I have made much money."

The little figure in black velvet frock was primly silhouetted against the blue walls of the tiny blue and gold drawing-room in the tiny Trentini flat close to Washington Square. She lolled on no divan, dawdled in no reclining chair. This resolute, sincere young person sat erect in a straight-backed chair. She is not lazy, and she has not yet become luxurious.

"In grand opera I sang only a few times a week, sometimes not at all, and my salary was not great. But now that I sing seven times a week the money is much more, and I think of what I shall do with it. I know what I shall do. In Mantua, where I was born, I will buy a house when I go back in May. My brother-in-law has found a house for me to buy. I remember it well. It is of stone-gray, and not high like your houses, but two stories, and low and broad. But neither is it little like your houses, small, with maybe ten rooms. This house has forty

"I shall place my mother there to live. And my cousins, a boy and a girl, who are very poor, they I shall place there, and in the summer when I rest I, too, shall be there.

"That is what most of the singers, who come to your country to make money, do. They go to Europe and buy for themselves houses, a house in the city and a château in the country. But it will be long before I shall want a château. I shall want in the summer to go about and see the world, which is so like a big picture-book. After awhile, when one tires of the many world



MLLE MARCELLE MYRTILL

Première Danseuse at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York



PAULA WILKES Clever young actress who will be seen shortly on the Metropolitan stage

ADELE ROWLAND

Bangs WINONA WINTER Seen as Constance Harvey in "He Came from Milwaukee" at the Casino

pictures one can go home and take a well-deserved rest." Emma Trentini had been one of the favorite singers in the Manhattan Opera House organization, before Arthur Hammerstein, son of the impresario who had discovered her in Turin, informed his father that he believed there were "millions in her" as a comic opera star. Was the transition from Yniold in "Pélléas et Mélisande," the gavroche in "Louise," the courtesan in "Thaïs" and Fraschita in "Carmen" to "Naughty Marietta" difficult? The adaptable little Italian had not found it so.

"It seemed strange to sing seven times a week instead of two

or three, but I like to act and to sing and it never tires meat least until afterwards. And on the day when I play a matinée I sleep in my little bed in the dressing room between acts.

"And then it seems so fine and wonderful to be a star. When I was at the Manhattan the prima donnas were so stately and unapproachable. I admired them but I was afraid of them. They awed me. But in comic opera it is Madame Trentini here and Madame Trentini there. Everybody consults me about everything. I am always considered. It is delightful."

ADA PATTERSON.

from the press and public both.

Mestayer is the last of a

HERE are those who maintain that histrionic genius indisputably does

The Last of the Mestayers

blazoned in the history of the American stage. Yet as Harry
Mestayer, the last of that famous name, gradually finds the opJeffersons by fully thirty years. Of French origin, bringing

portunity to show his mettle, it is apparent that this young actor has inherited not only the instinct for flawless technique, but the poetic temperament, the imagination, the magnetism and the sincerity of his father, the late Charles H. Mestayer, a Shakespearean actor of taste and refinement long associated with Booth and Barrett in other days.

An extensive experience in stock, especially in Ibsen rôles in California where the name of Mestayer is identified with the growth of the State, was followed by Mestayer's elevation to stardom by Oliver Morosco in a special performance of Ibsen's "Ghosts," the first introduction of that rôle to the far West. The performance placed young Mestayer in the front rank of California players. Tiring of his little world beyond the Rockies, he has reached Chicago where in a brilliant performance of the rôle of the son in "The Penalty," of much dignity of conception and swift unerring skill in portrayal, he has won a place in the mid-west, following up his hit by an unusually charming and illuminative performance of a light comedy juvenile rôle in "The Great Name." His versatility has thus been made apparent, for both performances were notably effective and received unlimited praise

famous theatrical family, unnot flourish in the younger generation of the great names em- doubtedly the oldest in this country, a dynasty unique in the

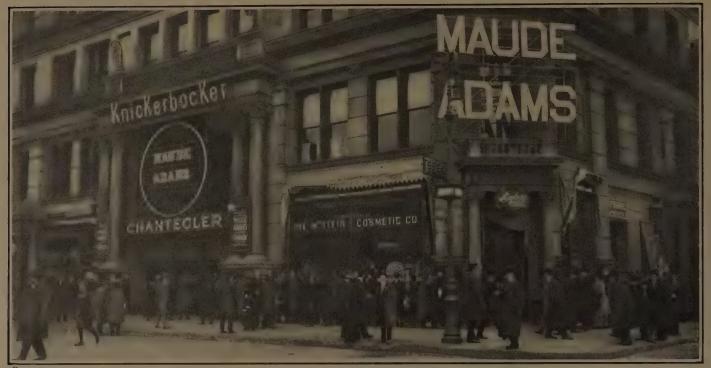
> with them Gallic finesse, charm and sincerity, the Mestayers first settled in New Orleans in old Colonial Creole days before the Revolution. Early in the nineteenth century, about 1820, Louis Mestayer rose to distinction, followed by the luminous sway of Emily Mestayer about 1830. Then came the era of the first cousins, Edwin B. Thorne and Charles R. Thorne, to be succeeded by that of W. A. Mestayer and of the late Charles H. Mestayer, best known in the seventies, the latter being the father of Harry, now about thirty years

The Mestayer sincerity, earnestness and high ideals have been transmitted to the last surviving member, and left almost unblemished by the crass decline in taste of our own period. No youth ever burned more ardently to maintain the dignity of his name, nor has one ever lived who longed more sincerely within his own heart to achieve distinction himself. A student and a dreamer, reared in the atmosphere of old tragedies when his father essayed significant rôles with Booth and Barrett, he is arranging to give a performance, the first in this country, of Björnson's "Sigurd Slembe," by means of which he hopes to convince the public of the earnestness of his aims.



HARRY MESTAYER





Scene outside the Knickerbocker Theatre on the morning that the seats for "Chantecler" were put on sale. The line which formed the night before extended round into 38th Street as far as Sixth Avenue. In the cold early morning hours hot coffee was served to the messenger boys and others waiting in line, this at the initiative and expense of Miss Maude Adams

MISS ANNE CALDWELL, who wrote "The Nest Egg," A Successful Woman Playwright

the piece in which she chanced to be playing. We may then regard the

is not, after all, Miss Caldwell. She is Mrs. James O'Dea. This commonplace fact is especially interesting only for the reason that the heroine of her play, "The Nest Egg," is an old maid, not a modern, handsome, youngish bachelor maid of the city, but the cramped, narrow, tight-haired old maid of the village. Miss Caldwell's psychology of old maidenhood was esteemed so sound that it was believed by the thoughtless to emanate from actual personal experience. It was expected that her person was

spare, her features sharp, as those that caricature and story associate with the unclaimed flowers of humanity.

But Mrs. James O'Dea is the antithesis of these. She is plump, without an upward or downward growing inch to spare. Her features have childishly rounded curves. She has the brown eyes of sentiment, and the tender voice of motherhood. She is an actress, a writer of songs, collaborator in several musical comedies. Her father was a master of a Latin school in Boston, but he should have been an actor, she thinks. Her daughter has a singing voice and a talent for music, and will become the prima donna her mother expected to be. Chance plays strange tricks with lives. It was the chance of a child's strained voice that brought about the chain of events that produced "The Nest Egg." Chronologically it all happened this way:

Anne Caldwell at fourteen went upon the stage in a juvenile opera company that toured New England. She says it doesn't

matter how long ago, and it doesn't. It is sufficient that much and loud singing tore the childish voice to pieces, and that the hopes of a future in grand opera perished with the voice. During the days of the slow dying of that voice she was seen and heard in "The Tar and the Tartar" in New York, and each year brought her to New York in some comic opera or in musical comedy for a season, brief or long, according to the success of

successful playwright as the frustrated prima donna.

Seven years ago, when Miss Caldwell married Mr. James O'Dea, a writer of popular songs, she left the stage. She wrote the music and he the words for many popular airs. Seldom has any musical comedy been produced in Broadway but one song from the O'Dea-Caldwell rapid working output was one of the

liveliest numbers. In conjunction with Mark Swan, they wrote

"The Top of the World," Mr. Swan the libretto, Mr. O'Dea the lyrics, Mrs. O'Dea the words.

Four years later "The Nest Egg" was produced, and was acclaimed a success.

Anne Caldwell's mother had a down East Yankee seamstress who unconsciously sat for the portrait of the "Nest Egg's" heroine. She had the same high disregard for the nice meanings and shadings of words, and she had the same sub-current of appreciation for the other sex. Likewise the same disposition to energize in other persons' affairs, having none of her own.

"It was by the sheerest accident that I happened to write the play," said the author. "In the first place, I had seen Zelda Sears in 'Girls,' and thought her work was delightful. Her singing that song was one of the most delicious bits of comedy I ever heard. Last summer my husband came home. He is the most absent-minded man on earth, and usually forgets to tell me the most important things. But the accident was that this time he remembered. He said: 'Mr. Wisswell is looking for a play

on earth, and usually forgets to tell me the most important things. But the accident was that this time he remembered. He said: Mr. Wisswell is looking for a play for Zelda Sears. They have read thirty-seven, and they have almost accepted one now on the scenario, but they are not satisfied with it.'

"I would love to write a play for her. I believe I could,' I said.
"In a week I wrote the scenario around an item I had seen in the newspapers in the spring, of how a case was made out against a firm by the date written on an egg."

A. P.



Vhite ANNE CALDWELL
Author of "The Nest Egg"

A Pioneer American Actress

N Saturday, December 17, 1756, two players new to Dublin, Mr. and Mrs. Wilder, made their appearance very acceptably at Smock Alley, as Captain Macheath and Polly Peachum in "The Beggar's Opera," and revived so much interest in Gay's old satire that the well-worn piece was performed during the season for fully twenty nights. Although our concern is chiefly with the lady (regarding whom some curious details exist, which have mysteriously eluded all the historians of the American stage), something requires to be said about her husband. A Cockney, who had begun life as an artist and never wholly resigned his brush, James Wilder not only was a competent actor-vocalist, but a very worthy man. For thirty-two years at a stretch he remained associated with the fortunes of the Dublin stage, and his portrait by Harding now appropriately adorns the historical section of the National Gallery of Ireland. Among his many friends in the old city by the Liffey, not the least noteworthy was big-hearted Sam. Whyte, the poetical pedagogue, who had an overpowering predilection for the play, and (it will be recalled) instilled his tastes into the mind of his apt pupil, Tom Moore. In the volume of his collected verse, published in 1795, Whyte reprints his long poem on "The Theatre," in which glowing reference is made to the veteran Wilder, and supplements the details concerning him by a valuable biographical note in an appendix. After pointing out that the success of the Wilders in "The Beggar's Opera," in 1756 led to the immediate revival of Mrs. Cibber's little fairy play, "The Oracle," Whyte goes on to say: "Mrs. Wilder was young, pretty and a good figure, and was esteemed excellent in girls' parts. Her Cynthia and Wilder's Oberon were received with singular applause. She was originally bred a Quaker, and had all the neatness in her appearance of that estimable people. When very young, she unadvisedly gave her hand to a military surgeon, who carried her with him to America, where he treated her unworthily, and, dying shortly after, left her with an infant on the breast, destitute in a foreign land. Must the mother and the helpless innocent both perish? She joined a company of players there-it was her only alternative; yet it exposed her to new and almost unparalleled distresses, which I have often heard her feelingly describe. It will be sufficient to say she travelled on foot with her child, an infant daughter, in her arms, from one end of the continent of North America to the other! Wilder afterwards met her in Edinburgh, I think, and in his conduct towards her proved himself an affectionate husband, and a tender father to her child."

If only the worthy Whyte had vouchsafed us Mrs. Wilder's earlier married name, all would have been well. Without that one has no firm ground to stand upon, and can only flounder about in a quagmire of conjecture. Still, it may not be wholly profitless to strive to find bottom.

One point is clear—not many years can have elapsed between the future Mrs. Wilder's trying American experience and her coming to Smock Alley. A useful rather than a brilliant actress, she was still young enough to play Miss Prue in "Love for Love" in January, 1757, and Juliet in April, 1758. That Wilder met and married her in Edinburgh, as Whyte states, is apparently correct. As a matter of fact, the two came straight from Edinburgh to Dublin, where Lee, their manager, had preceded them. We know, of course, that that arch-blunderer, Hitchcock, in his "Historical View of the Irish Stage," states that the Wilders were brought by Sheridan from Drury Lane, but it remains to be shown that they ever appeared there. Genest, that court of final appeal, has no record of either husband or wife at the great London playhouse. On the other hand, Dibdin, in his "Annals of the Edinburgh Stage," chronicles the fact that when Lee opened his winter campaign in the Scottish capital on November



Sarony

MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER
Will be seen shortly in a dramatization of "Thais"



Bangs FRANKLIN RITCHIE

Appearing as Beacon Lone in "The Marriage of a Star"

Bangs
MAUD GILBERT
Playing Celia in "I'll Be Hanged If I Do" at
the Comedy Theatre

Moffett EMMETT CORRIGAN

Playing Gordon Laylock in "The Deep Purple" at the Lyric Theatre

25, 1755. Wilder sang there in "The School of Anacreon," and appeared a week later as Captain Macheath. The details recorded of the season are unfortunately scanty. No reference is made to Wilder's marriage, nor any clue afforded to the identity of the actress whom he then espoused. It is in catching at a straw held out from another quarter, I arrive desperately at the conclusion that the lady in question must have been the "Mrs. Barclay" who made her first appearance on the Edinburgh stage on January 3, 1756, as Cordelia, and was afterwards seen as Lavinia in "The Fair Penitent."

My belief is that Mrs. Wilder's first husband, the callous army surgeon referred to by Whyte, died in Williamsburg, Va., early in 1753, and that the distressed young widow accordingly joined Hallam's depleted company of players in the spring, shortly before their departure for New York. It would seem that the manager, equally with the suppliant, was in a quandary, and that for

both it was a matter of Hobson's choice. In those rough and ready days a journey of five hundred miles by sea and land would be irksome enough, in all conscience, to a nursing mother to burn its memories into her brain. It was not at all plane sailing even when Hallam's little band reached New York in June. Magisterial stubbornness had yet to be overcome, and it was not until three months later that their new theatre in Nassau Street was ready to be opened. In studying the details of the opening bill on September 17th, as preserved by Dunlap, one notes that all the actresses bearing the prefix "Mrs." to their names, with one exception, had their husbands in the company. The exception was a mysterious Mrs. Becceley, who played Phillis in "The Conscious Lovers" and Phillida in the little ballad opera of "Damon and Phillida." The name of this actress strikes one as a misprinting, or disguised form, of Barclay. I have been to the trouble to search through quite a number of current



W. V. Saxe R. S. Bonsib COLUMBIA COLLEGE BOYS IN "THE PAPER CHASE"

English directories, but have failed to trace a single example of the name. My belief, then, is that the Mrs. Becceley, of New York, is identical with the Mrs. Barclay, of Edinburgh, and that the young actress, having become possessed of funds, sailed for England when Hallam's company left for Philadelphia late in March, 1754. This conjecture is, in part, borne out by the significant fact that Mrs. Becceley's name is not to be found among the players performing in Philadelphia in the following April.

In Dublin, Mrs. Wilder's popularity (unlike her husband's) was not well sustained. It may be that she never wholly recovered from the strain of her harrowing American experience. From 1759 she was five years off the stage, but in 1764 she was engaged by Mossop for his Smock Alley company, and made her reappearance in October as Lucy to her husband's Captain Macheath. In the succeeding season her name disappears from the bills, and her death, apparently, occurred not long after. No

portrait of her has come down to us, and but for the reflected light of her husband's career, her memory would have passed long since into the darkiness.

The curtain falls, the play is played:
The Beggar packs beside the Beau;
The Monarch troops and troops the maid;
The Thunder huddles with the Snow.
Where are the revellers, high and low?
The clashing sword? The lovers' call?
The dancers, gleaming row and row?—
Into the night go one and all.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

Of Peter Grimm Mr. Belasco says:

"As I first wrote and rehearsed the death scene, I pictured Peter Grimm dying in full view of the audience. For weeks I rehearsed Mr. Warfield in the part until he became too vivid. It was then I conceived the idea of merely suggesting death, and I did this by placing the old armchair (in which he passes away) with its back to the audience, so that all the spectator sees is the top of Peter Grimm's grey head fall slowly forward, the hand dropping to the side, and his old pipe released from the relaxing fingers. The effect of this picture upon the audience is as instantaneous as it is ominous.



Sarony JANET DUNBAR
Leading woman with David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm"

Davis & Sanford ANN MEREDITH
Who plays Alice Bentley in "The Cub"

Davis & Sanford JANE LAUREL

Lately seen as Mrs. Rosenberg in "Smith" at the
Empire Theatre

NE of the least known, yet not always one of the least interesting of the groups of

individuals associated with the theatre in America is that made up of the old stage-door keepers. A well-known metropolitan theatrical producer recently went so far as to say that one of these men, "Doc" Murray, was, in his opinion, the most interesting figure ever connected with the theatre in this country. "'Doc' Murray," he explained, "was the stage-door man at the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia for fifty successive years. In all that long period, he took only six days off. He knew most of the prominent actors, actresses, managers and producers during his time and, when he died some years ago, he willed his skull to the property room of the playhouse with the suggestion that it

be used thereafter in any production of 'Hamlet' that might be made in the Walnut Street Theatre." Protest as one may at the superlative characterization of the producer in question, it is not difficult to conceive that this "Doc" Murray, of whom so little is known, might well be regarded at least as one of the most interesting figures "connected," so to speak, "with the American stage."

Pursuing his argument, the producer said: "I cite Murray only as a single example to show why I believe that the old stage-door tenders—the guardians of glamor, as we may call them—were, and are, the most unique group of persons in all the world of the footlights."

Without taking sides in the argument, it remains that the producer is backed up by many facts that seem to sustain much of the force in his superlative statements. It is true, for instance, that "Doc" Murray did will his skull to the property room of the theatre he had guarded for half a century, and had come to love with rare affection. And there are other Murrays in the stage-door tender sphere. There is one stage-door man in New York to-day who once managed a theatre in the me-

tropolis, and there is still another who, in his earlier years, was a well-known actor of leading rôles in stock companies. The latter succumbed to the strain of acting, suffered a physical collapse, and finally came to be a stage-door tender—a sad relic of the dashing days of his youth. Of all the old stage-door men in New York, however, "Pop" Wood is probably the most interesting. I. C. Wood, he signs his name, and the Hudson Theatre

The Guardians of Glamor

is his post. His story, as he related it to Henry B. Harris, is as follows: "I was born in 1838, and

started in the theatrical business with George L. Fox in 'Humpty Dumpty.' Although I am seventy-two years old, I still feel young and strong. I served in the navy on the old frigate 'Independence,' and served four years in the army during the Civil War as a member of the 139th New York Volunteers. I have refused to accept a pension. I am strong enough to support myself. In 1868, I was the stage-door keeper of the old Olympic Theatre situated on Broadway near Houston Street. This playhouse was formerly known as Laura Keene's Varieties, and then John Duff took the lease and, as his first attraction, put on 'Humpty Dumpty,' in connection with Mr. Fox."

"Pop" Wood tells the following story of how the late Augustin Daly became identified with the theatrical business. "Pop's" own words are used:

'John A. Daly was the name we first knew him by. He first came around the theatre after he had married Mr. Duff's Daly was then a newspaper man, and Duff took him in and made him the business manager of the theatre, and it wasn't long before he became the big figure in the theatrical business in New York, with two theatres, the Grand Opera House and the old Madison Square Theatre, which he named Daly's Theatre. I knew Booth and Barrett, E. L. Davenport and John McCullough, and they were a fine lot of men. Barrett was very friendly with us around the stage, but Booth seemed always to be laboring under a spirit of depression. He hadn't very much to say. I think that Edwin Forrest was the greatest actor I have ever known, and one of the finest men, too. Everybody had a good word for him, and he had a good word for everybody. The people in his company idolized him, and he had thousands of friends among theatregoers, more than all the other

actors of his time put together. And maybe you think George Fox wasn't a good actor. I remember once at the old Olympic Theatre he gave a travesty on 'Hamlet,' and it was a brilliant audience that witnessed his performance. In one box sat E. L. Davenport, in another box John McCullough, Edwin Booth occupied a third, and Lawrence Barrett a fourth. After the performance I was standing alongside Mr. Duff, our manager, and they came back to congratulate Fox on his





White Laura Hope Crews Henry Miller Daniel Pennell Francis Byrne
Richard Craig (Henry Miller) threatens to arrest Hessert (Francis Byrne) for embezzlement
SCENE IN H. S. SHELDON'S PROBLEM PLAY, "THE HAVOC," PRESENTED AT THE BIJOU THEATRE

performance, and all declared that it was one of the best things they had ever seen. Lawrence Barrett was particularly enthusiastic. He said he had no doubt that Fox could give one of the best straight performances of 'Hamlet' of any actor on the stage. The grave-digging scene was very effective for a burlesque. The two grave-diggers were played by a famous team called The Queen Sisters, who, while digging the grave, sang Five O'Clock in the Morning, and that song was picked up by everybody in New York, and was as big a hit in its day as After the Ball on any other song success since that time."

Frank Richardson, stage-door man at the Euclid Avenue Opera House, has been at his post for thirty-three consecutive years, and has gone down into stage-door keeper history as the only man in his branch of the theatrical profession who ever succeeded in making Richard Mansfield "know his place," as Richardson himself expresses it. It happened one afternoon directly following a rehearsal of "A Parisian Romance." Richardson, having maintained perfect silence during the rehearsal, began whistling a popular tune as soon as the actors left the stage. Mansfield, hearing him, approached the stage-door man, who was sitting far back in the wings, and commanded him to be quiet. "But," Richardson, "the rehearsal is over." "That matters not." replied Mansfield hotly, "you must keep quiet whenever I am in the theatre." "Oh, is that so?" returned Richardson. "Well, Mr. Mansfield, all I've got to say is to tell you to mind your own business." And he proceeded to whistle on as loud as he could. Mansfield withdrew and, during the rest of his engagement, never again interfered with Richardson. "He had to be taught a lesson by someone," says the old stage-door man, "and I made up my mind then that I was the one to do the job."

Frank Richardson was stage-door tender at this theatre when A. L. Erlanger, present leader of the so-called Theatrical Syndicate, was selling tickets in its box-office, and it is he who first related the story of the way Mr. Erlanger got even one day with

a prospective ticket buyer who had insulted him. "The man came up to the window," says Richardson, "and asked for two seats in the third row on the aisle. 'I can give you the fourth row on the aisle,' said Mr. Erlanger, 'but the third row is gone.' 'I want the third row,' persisted the man. 'But I told you it is gone,' said Erlanger. 'You're a liar,' ventured the man. Without another word, the ticket-seller slammed down the little window, walked around into the lobby, demanded that the man retract what he had said and, upon the latter's refusal, punched him in the face."

Richardson is never without a chew of tobacco in his mouth, and says he never has been without one in all the time he has been a stage-door man. Walter Russell, his assistant, vouches for the fact that, although Richardson has been reported dead on three different occasions, the foundation for the rumor rested on nothing more serious than his boss's having taken a day off. "It's so rare for Frank to take a day off," he explains, "that when he does, and doesn't show up, they think he has died." This puts the writer in mind of the story of an old stage-door keeper at Daly's, in New York, who, upon being prevailed upon to take a two weeks' vacation a few years ago, spent his holidays standing on the steps of a saloon across the way from the stage-door to make sure that nobody got in the theatre who didn't belong there.

Almost all the prominent figures in musical comedy know "Pete," the stage-door man for many years at the Herald Square Theatre. "Pete"—no one knows his last name—is half blind, and his health has been failing rapidly in recent years, but his loyalty to his post has not been paralleled save in the cases of "Doc" Murray and Richardson. Several years ago, when he was taken so ill that he was sent to bed against his will, his place was filled temporarily by a former chorus man in one of the old Rogers Brothers shows. Joe Devens was his name. "Pete" heard that Devens was doing his guarding work so well that he became jealous, got out of bed and hustled down to the theatre again, only to suffer a serious relapse and be confined to his bed for



Sarony, N. Y. MISS KATHRYN KAELRED, RECENTLY SEEN IN HENRY ARTHUR JONES' PLAY "WE CAN'T BE AS BAD AS ALL THAT"



White GEORGE LEON MOORE AND GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD IN "THE PARADISE OF MAHOMET" AT THE HERALD SOUARE

several more weeks. "Charley," the stage-door man for the last fifteen years at the Empire Theatre, in New York, is a pet of all the Frohman stars who have appeared at that famous theatre, and treasures among his possessions an autographed photograph of each of them. He worships Maude Adams and says she is the most gracious woman on the American stage; he regards John Drew as something between an Emperor and a Crown Prince; he says Ethel Barrymore "is the prettiest woman in the world"; and is similarly enthusiastic over each of them.

world"; and is similarly enthusiastic over each of them.

Old "Dutch" Miller, the guardian of the Garrick, was at one time a soldier in the German army. He is regarded by theatrical people, who have played at his theatre, as the politest stage-door man in the country. Sullivan, the guardian of the Lyric Theatre in New York, is similarly regarded as the quietest. He rarely says a word and rarely has said one. His greatest delight is gained by getting an actor or actress to watch him execute an intricate clog dance, of which he is a master. Speaking of the peculiarities of other stage-door men, "Old Man" Rogers, of the Apollo Theatre, Atlantic City, when this subject is under discussion, deserves a high place in list of stage-door oddities. He never leaves the theatre. He sleeps there and has all his meals brought to him. These "meals," from breakfast to lunch and from lunch to dinner, consist primarily of pies. Rogers eats pie three times a day and two big pieces at each meal.

"Tom" Moakley, the veteran stage-door keeper of the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York, confessed recently that he had written a play during his long vigils back of the stage. Hiram McDonald, the American Theatre's guardian, admits that he has a sneaking ambition to go into vaudeville. "I've seen a dozen acts in my day," he says, "that I could beat with one hand."

Joseph Morris, the stage-door man at the Liberty Theatre, was once a professional strong man and appeared at county fairs as "the world's champion weight lifter." He also appeared on the stage in an act centering around his muscular prowess. After he gave up this line of work, because of failing health, he became the guardian of the gate at the old Fourteenth Street Theatre, where he remained for many years. Morris says that there is an old stage-door keeper in Chicago who, during the time he was on the stage, was a musician first in a travelling band and later in the orchestra of a vaudeville house. And he also cites the case of a Boston stage-door keeper who, in his earlier days, was a professional prestidigitator.

Joseph Medill Patterson was one of the first writers to realize the picturesqueness of these diverse guardians of glamor and introduced one of them in the last act of his play, "The Little Brother of the Rich." The character created a greater impression than anything else in the play. There is, indeed, much material among this class of theatre-folk about whom so little has ever been written and about whom so little is known. Each has his story, his interesting story, and each, in himself, is a living, if fading, romance of theatreland.

George Jean Nathan.

BLANCHE BATES AND THE "WIDDERS"

Blanche Bates, who is playing the part of Roxana, the pseudo widow in Avery Hopwood's clever comedy, went to considerable trouble when studying the rôle. Says the actress:

"For months I deliberately cultivated the society of widows. I urged all my friends to go through their visiting lists, and wherever they found a widow therein invite her to dinner. I also asked that at least one eligible man be asked to join the party. That was necessary, of course, because when there is no eligible man around widows are just like other women. In this way I met more than half a hundred women whom death had robbed them of their mates, and, though they little suspected it, I learned from them secrets that I had been diligently trying to discover all my life. Up until this time I had shared the popular superstition that the fascination of widows was as inexplicable as it is certain. I discovered, among many other things, that nine-tenths of this fascination is due simply to the fact that widows want to please men. Marriage has been to them a school in which they have certainly learned at least one thing, and that is that it is good policy to always please a man at any cost. They know it pays to please a man. Spinsters don't realize this."

More Secrets of the Dramatist's Workshop

The secrets of the dramatist's workshop seldom reach the public ear, yet some of them would make highly interesting reading. The road which a play travels, from the time the manuscript is first typed to the moment when the curtain rises on the première, is a troubled one, with both comedy and tragedy, disappointments, vexations, and totally unlooked for changes plentifully sprinkled along the thorny way. During the preliminary negotiations between playwright and manager, it frequently happens that the complications are more numerous, and the situations more harrowing and tense, than any to be found in the play itself. Under the above heading will be told from time to time piquant anecdotes, giving some idea of the tribulations which plays undergo before they finally reach the footlights

THAT David Belasco practically rewrites everyone of his plays, after he begins rehearsing them, is well known, the knowledge being based upon his candid admission. They do not take workable form in his mind until they have been acted. Indeed, this dramatist-manager himself acts every line before he pens it.

Loose, haphazard notes spearing the thought as it flies, Mr. Belasco saves in a heterogeneous mass which, from lack of assortment, he often throws into the waste-basket, desperately determining to rely upon memory and present impressions, and in this

he is fairly safe, for a playwright is an intense impressionist. How intense one may best judge by the intensity of the impression he makes upon his audience! Behind the locked studio the real work of his playwriting begins. Hard work it is for the two stenographers, who are locked in with him, in what he confesses is for the time a mad cell. Is he depicting a love scene? He flings himself upon his knees before, and utters impassioned declarations to, an unresponsive office chair. Is he conducting a heated argument with the get to work on the third act. In vain. "Gene" didn't feel like writing that day. He hadn't quite made up his mind about the act, at any rate. Whereat the manager seized the procrastinator and thrust him into one of the outbuildings of the Long Island farm, locked the door and pocketed the key.

"There," he said, with friendly expletive, "write that third act!" It was finished that evening, and at twilight the prisoner was released.

"Liberty Belles," one of Harry B. Smith's most popular successes, was written in three weeks. Mr. Smith attacks his

librettos and lyrics much as a business man does his day's work in the office. He sits down before his typewriter, with his file envelope of notes on that work before him, and writes as long as it is necessary to finish his play by the acquired fime. It may be five hours, or it may be sixteen, reminiscent of the old newspaper days in Chicago when Mr. Smith worked two-thirds of every day.

Edwin Milton
Royle, author of
"The Squawman,"
etc., is always at
work from breakfast to luncheon.
The four hours a
day are inviolate.
His two adored



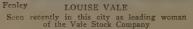
EDWIN MILTON ROYLE AND HIS TWO LITTLE DAUGHTERS

villain? The table becomes the villain, and is liable to be flung to the floor with such force as to be splintered. And the stenographers must enter into the task with as much seriousness as the playwright himself. Woe unto them if any signs of levity appear upon their faces. Theirs not to smile nor see aught but inspiration in the strange acts of the master. Theirs to take down his words as rapidly as they fall from his lips. Like hard-driven horses the stenographers work in relays. Also, they work in pairs, for one acts as a check of inaccuracy upon the other. When the dictation rehearsal is over—and it isn't over until Mr. Belasco himself is exhausted—they compare notes, and between them draw out of the torrent of dictation some flotsam of permanency.

Eugene Walter's intermittent methods, which disheartened friends often term "Gene's spasms," are likewise well known. Of current report, and never denied, is the story of how the third act of "Paid in Full" was perforce written. Mr. Walter had written two acts of the domestic drama, and an impatient manager was verging on nervous prostration, for the third act was still in a nebulous state in the mind of the dramatist. In desperation one morning the manager made his last demand that "Gene"

little daughters, Josephine and Selena II, never enter the studio from nine to one, though both stand at the closed portal for five minutes before one, and when they hear the punctual turning of the key in the lock, they dash into the study, and the dramatist celebrates his release from his working day by a romp with the little ones. "The Squawman" met with many vicissitudes before it saw the footlights. The thought of the play came to Mr. Royle one sleepless night. More than twenty years before, when he was a boy, he had been a guest on the Uintah reservation in the eastern boundary of Utah. He saw Indian life in the rough, and doubtless those impressions remained. Something had awakened those sleeping impressions, and the problem of what a young man, thrown among such surroundings, might do, and how he would become a squawman, possessed him. He saw the long road down which the events of his life would travel. He wept over his sorrows. In the morning he told his wife of the play he had thought out during the night. Then "The Squawman" received its first nipping of frost. His wife (Selena Fetter) said: "Your success has always been in comedy. I would stick to that and leave such sad things alone." Soon afterward N. C. Goodwin







CHARLES STEVENSON

Now appearing as James Darwin in "The Gamblers" at Maxine
Elliott's Theatre



ngs IVA BARBOUR
Seen as Germaine in "Alma, Where Do You
Live?" at Weber's Theatre

was appearing in Mr. Royle's play, "My Wife's Husbands." He disliked being identified with farce, and asked the author if he had not something serious for a curtain raiser. He told him of "The Squawman," and went to work upon it. While he was at the Lambs Club one day, someone asked him if he hadn't something that could be used for the next Gambol. He said he had nothing except an Indian sketch. They insisted upon seeing it, and it was produced. Despite a number of adverse circumstances

there seemed to be something in the play that "got over." Having a sense of this something in the playlet, Mr. Royle expanded it into a play. Then followed a series of merciful escapades for "The Squawman." Several times it was nearly chosen by the wrong management or the wrong star. At last it was given a production with a star who was ideal for it. It ran for four years in this country, and is still running in London. "'My Wife's Husbands," says Mr. Royle, "had an even rougher road. It was three times killed and buried, and three times resurrected before it reached success. First it was produced at the Madison Square Theatre, my wife and I playing the principal rôles. Mrs. Royle made a great personal success in it. I wasn't so bad in it myself, the critics and my friends were kind enough to say. But it was produced early in the season with an untimely summer heat oppressing the city. The management of the house gave us four weeks, and we had to make room for another attraction already booked. 'Take it on the road and bring it back later,' the management advised.

'Not with a record of only four weeks in New York. I would rather close,' I said. Mr. Goodwin had seen the production and liked it, and when his season in 'Midsummer Night's Dream' ended prematurely, he arranged to produce it. In a few weeks he closed it. That was the second burial. The third, a slower interment, occurred in stock. The first year a play is in stock one gets good royalties, but the scale is a swiftly descending one, and the royalties grow beautifully less. 'My Wife's

Husbands' got into stock, and I believed I was taking a final fond farewell of it. But D. V. Arthur had seen it, and needing a vehicle for his wife, he asked me to turn it into a musical comedy. I did so, and for two years Miss Cahill played very successfully in it under the title, 'Marrying Mary.' My wife. who is a just critic, says my greatest fault as a playwright is in putting enough material for three or four plays into one. I am paying the penalty of that fault just now, for a manager liked the third act of 'These Are My People' so well that he asked that it be taken out and a new play written around it. There is still enough drama left in 'These Are My People,' we think, and I am nursing it back

into health since I performed the major operation of removing its third act."

Sometimes a new story about an old play is better worth telling than some things of more recent occurrence. Like wines in old bottles, it gains flavor by letting the cobwebs settle upon it. A few years ago there was produced a play called "Hearts-



THREE GENERATIONS OF DENMAN THOMPSON

Denman Thompson is now a grandfather. His grandchild, by name Denman hompson II., is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Thompson, and he was born ay up in Swanzea, New Hampshire, the scene of Denman Thompson's famous lay, "The Old Homestead." Denman Thompson is seventy-seven years old nd this is his twenty-fifth year playing consecutively the rôle of Joshua Whitcomb in "The Old Homestead"



ease," by Joseph I. C. Clarke and Charles Klein. It was a play adapted or worked over from the German. These co-authors prepared a scenario, and submitted it to Henry Miller. The actor liked the idea, and gave an order to write the play, and paid some money down. After several months' work the manuscript was completed, and an appointment made with Mr. Miller at the Players' Club to come there and read the play. It was read, and the actor declared the whole scheme ridiculous and absurd, and told the two authors to take their play anywhere they chose. They were free to dispose of it if they cared. The collaborators were bitterly disappointed. The manuscript was handed about in the usual manner, knocked about from pillar to post until it was taken by Mr. Clarke to the late A. M. Palmer. Now, if ever there lived a procrastinator in reading plays, it was Mr. Palmer. Manuscripts were to be found under his stenographer's feet or serving her as a cushion. It happened about that same time that the late Creston Clarke, actor and dramatist, had also sent Mr. Palmer a manuscript; in fact, it had been there for years, and although Creston Clarke had written and rewritten about it, he failed utterly to receive any reply. Finally, then, Creston Clarke wrote to Mr. Palmer that unless his manuscript was returned to him at once —he did not care whether it was read or not-he would employ a lawyer to recover his property. Upon the same day that this letter was received from Creston Clarke, Mr. J. I. C. Clarke called upon Mr. Palmer to inquire about "Heartsease," and was put off by the dilatory Palmer with his usual stonewall politeness.

As he was clearing up his correspondence a few days later, the manager came across Creston Clarke's letter of threats of replevin. Mr. Palmer at once conceived a violent desire to read the Creston Clarke play, and therefore at once instructed his secretary to put Mr. Clarke's manuscript in his bag, and he would take it out to Stamford, where he was then living, and read it. Now the secretary had seen and overheard J. I. C. Clarke in the office asking about the Clarke-Klein play, and presuming this was the manuscript meant, he dug up "Heartsease" from its hiding place and put it in Mr. Palmer's grip. Naturally, upon taking up the manuscript, the manager dis-



Sarony RUTH MAYCLIFFE

Now appearing as Margaret Leffingwell in "The Fascinating Widow," shortly to be seen in New York

covered the comical but perfectly, natural error made by his secretary, but as he had his mind attuned to read somebody's or anybody's play, he sat cheerfully down to read "Heartsease." The further he read the better he liked it, so that upon his return to town he sent for J. I. C. Clarke, and said to him: "I did intend taking home Creston Clarke's manuscript, but now I've read your d—— play, what do you want for it?"

Terms were quickly agreed upon for "Heartsease," and Creston Clarke's manuscript was returned to him unread. Upon Mr. Palmer announcing the forthcoming production of "Heartsease" at the Great Northern Theatre, Chicago, an awful howl went up from Mr. Miller, who declared that Clarke and Klein had disposed of his play without his consent, and he, too, threatened all sorts of dire legal doings. This, mind you, after having dismissed the play as impossible. But finally diplomacy prevailed, and Mr. Palmer engaged Mr. Miller to create the leading part. Rehearsals were held under that actor's able direction, and the company proceeded to Chicago to open the new theatre. Upon arriving there, they found everything in a state of chaos. Even the auditorium seats were not in place for the opening night. Finally these were screwed down when, horror of horrors! at half-past seven o'clock in the evening it was discovered that there was not a stick of furniture nor a rug in the theatre with which to dress the stage. It looked like a sure postponement. Here the house manager, extraordinary as it may seem, had a brilliant idea. He knew a furniture house and, after securing a van from a nearby livery stable, the whole party, managers, authors and star, proceeded in the van to interview the night watchman, for he was their only hope. The watchman proved obstinate, and not until the proprietor himself was communicated with, would he open the store door, whereupon they helped themselves to whatever they needed, and in two vanloads secured enough stuff to furnish the stage. At first the piece did not make good. It seemed old-fashioned, and the story and incidents hardly modern. Then the happy idea was conceived of making it a costume play, and in that dress it was produced at the Garden Theatre, New York, and met with



EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS





THE CASINO OF MONTE CARLO

Monte Carlo, January 20, 1911.
'HE Monte Carlo opera season has become one of the important European events of the artistic year. The brilliancy of its productions in which the greatest artists take part, the magnificence of its scenery, the excellence of its repertory, all contribute to make of the celebrated lyric theatre at Monte Carlo a truly unique institution.

Hence, the season's program is always awaited with impatience. Among those who have added to their reputations here, unless I am much mistaken, are such artists as Caruso, Tamagno, Chaliapine, Renaud, Sembrich, Cavalieri, Farrar, and tutte quanti.

Marthe Regnier, the charming Parisian actress, will make her début as a singer in a few days. She is at the heighth of her dramatic career, and this change with all the risk it implies is, therefore, all the more credit to her.

Truly, everything is possible in theatrical affairs. When Cavalieri sang, or rather declaimed, those little Neapolitan songs at the Folies-Bergères s o m e fifteen years ago, when on the same stage the la-mented Margyll

mimicked the part of Phryne in Ganne's pantomime, no one could have foreseen that one day they would both sing in opera.

Did not Jeanne Granier, before becoming an exquisite actress, play with great dash in operetta? Marthe Regnier, the actress, will become a singer, and will make her début in "La Vie de Bohème." It is interesting to note these many evolutions, for because of the great risks therein it proves that artistic ideals are held high above the question of woney.

because of the great risks therein it proves that artistic ideals are held high above the question of money.

Among the artists with world-wide reputations who will this season appear at Monte Carlo, I may mention Mile. Lucienne Brèval, the peerless singer; Mme. Felia Litvinne, the superbinterpreter of Wagnerian rôles; Lucy Arbell, a highly appreciated contralto. Then the chief among the men are Chaliapine, Titta, Ruffo, Rousselière, and Delmas. As to répertoire, the most important production of the year will be Saint-Saëns' masterly work

masterly work "Déjanire." Among the already known operas are Mozart's "Les Noces de Figaro,"
"Les Contes d'Hoffmann." the revival of Massenet's "Don Quichotte." Reyer's "Salambo," Puccini's "La Vie de



Photo Bert CHALIAPINE AS IVAN THE TERRIBLE



Photo Felix MLLE. LUCIENNE BREVAL



MLLE, MARTHE REGNIER



Photo Boissonnas and Taponier MLLE, ARLETTE DORGERE. THEATRE MICHEL Large hat of black crin. The under brim is of pink silk veiled with mousseline of the same shade and partly faced with black velvet. It is trimmed with drooping willow plumes of pink and black Creation of Mme. Lentléric

Bohème," and "La Tosca," Boito's "Mefistophele," and M. Raoul Gunsbourg's "Ivan le Terrible," an opera which I saw at Brussels in the month of November, and of which the music is as terrible as the title.

Much as I admire M. Gunsbourg as an impresario and stage director, to just such a degree do I care little for his talent as a composer.

The director of the Casino, faithful to his admirably successful administration of past seasons, and which consists in enlarging year by year an edifice already large, has just opened a series of rooms reserved for the select public who frequent the principality of Monaco. Contrary to the usual custom, the entrée to these rooms is by subscription. Thus visitors who desire more exclusive surroundings than the public rooms may find protection from the jostlings of the general crowd, and gain the freedom and intimacy of family surroundings.

Thus M. Camille Blanc, the clever president of the Casino, has again proved that tact is one of his dominant characteristics.

Monte Carlo, and the other winter resorts of the Cote d'Azur, are full of life and gaiety.

The Casino at Cannes, as well as the different hotels under the skilled management of M. H. Kuhl, are filled with guests, and that can well be understood when it is recalled that M. Ruhl is also the manager of the Carlton at Paris, the Grand Condé at Chantilly, and of the Grand Hotel at Cabourg.

All the prettiest and smartest women at Nice and Monte Carlo make a rendezvous of Madame Lenthéric's luxurious salons at Nice, where the latest creations The Casino at Cannes, as well as the

salons at Nice, where the latest creations of that well-known milliner excite their admiration.

Paris, January 23. Since I have named Mile. Lucy Arbell as a member of the opera company at Monte Carlo, let me say two words of the heroine of Massenet's opera, "Don Qui-chotte," which was first produced at the Gaiété-Lyrique. This beautiful artist made her début at the opera as Delila, then

last year at Monte Carlo sang successively in "Aïda" and "Thérèse." Her interpretation of the rôle of Persephone in "Ariane" was a great revelation. Murmurs of adwas a great revelation. Murmurs of admiration greeted the first appearance of this statuesque singer, and warm was the applause for the noble art with which she interpreted the part. As Dulcinée in "Don Quichotte" she acted with great charm. Her warm and vibrant contralto voice, reaching into the soprano notes, moved with ease in the most brilliant passages. She, furthermore, added to her triumph by



MLLE. LUCY ARBELL AS DULCINEE IN "DON QUICHOTTE"

the wonderful way she accompanied herself on a guitar in one song.

Nevertheless, I doubt if the career of "Don Quichotte" will be of long duration. There are two fundamental reasons for that opinion. In the first place, the libretto is absolutely falsified. It has nothing whatever in common with the adventures of the illustrious Chevalier de la Manche, Cervantes' splendid creation. The author of the libretto, because of the necessities of the subject, that is to say, that the composer Massenet might be inspired by a heroine suited to his musical temperament, transformed Cervantes' village maiden, Dulcina, into a courtesan of the town.

This makes such a decided difference that Miguel Cervantes' tale has been completely obliterated. The remainder of the intrigue is in keeping with this transformation. On this mutilated libretto Massenet has given us a score unworthy of him.

Except that from time to time there are a few leit-motiv of known scores, one continually asks one's self if this can be the

tinually asks one's self if this can be the same genius who wrote two such exquisite operas as "Werther" and "Manon."

The score of "Don Quichotte" contains pages of such pronounced triviality that it is incomprehensible how they could have been written by Massenet. He is too much of a musician, he has too fine an appreciation of his art to have thought for one tion of his art to have thought for one moment that they were good. Better than any one else he knows that they are bad. If it is to please the public taste that he has written them, what an opinion he must have of the public! And what an opinion of himself, who, to please the public, has written such things!

Since "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," M.

Massenet has given us only such operas as "Thérèse," "Bacchus," and "Cherubin," all operas of the third class.

It is profoundly sad that the splendid musician who conceived "Werther," "Manon," "Herodiade," "Thais," and "Le Cid," those five marvels of contemporary musical art, has so greatly deceived himself by showing such a pitiable contrast to them in his later works.

M. Massenet, like so many other great men, has not taken into account the fact that nothing here below is eternal. Above all is this true of musical inspiration, and the Muse by whom he was once so petted, has this time played out of tune. M. Massenet has arrived at the crossroads, where it would be wise for him to choose the road to repose.

Now let us talk of the famous repre-



MLLE, MONNA DELZA OF THE GYMNASE Creation Béchoff-David



Photo Aglé

A FASHION SALON IN PAQUIN'S

Eggimann, Publisher

sentation of "Macbeth," given at the Opera-Comique with the splendid setting of which only that magician, M. Albert

Carré, is capable.

The music of M. Bloch, the composer of "Macbeth," has the defect of being entirely impersonal. Then the subject does not lend itself readily to music. It is true that more than one composer has judged the test not insurmountable. In the annals of music are to be found a "Macbeth" by Lock, which was presented in London in the year 1672; another by André at Berlin in 1780; a third by Reichart at Munich in 1795; a fourth by Chélard at Paris in 1827, and that of Verdi in 1847.

To come back to M. Bloch, I must avow

that this young musician has the gift of memory. He has what the late Aurelien memory. He has what the late Aurelien Scholl, the famous Parisian journalist, maliciously called "the cleverness . . . of others."

In truth the score of "Macbeth" is an eclectic composition of Wagner, Claude Debussy, Massenet, and Paul Dukas, and reminds me of the famous Russian salad which Alexandre Dumas, fils, described in one of his stories, a salad which contained so many ingredients that the greatest gourmet could not have found out what it was made of.

Then, too, M. Bloch's music is cold, it does not correspond in any way with the poignant situation of the libretto derived from Shakespeare's drama. One feels that truly this composer is a Genevois, and, while a conscientious and upright worker, is influenced by the snowy summits of Mont Blanc. His music has not even the reaction and glow which the human body receives from contact with ice.



Photo Femina
MR. DOEUILLET, THE FAMOUS FRENCH
COUTURIER

Switzerland is generally a poor nurse to Art. It is the golden country of funinculars, hotels and condensed milk. For beand I know full well that Holbein was a German—the surroundings necessary for artistic development are totally lacking.

Speaking of art, after fifteen years I have been studying once more the collection of paintings which the philanthropist Chauchard willed to the Louvre Museum. Neither the flight of years nor the change of surroundings has changed my opinion of that beautiful Barbizon School, of which Corot' and Millet were the stars of first magnitude. Yet Millet's famous canvas, "L'Angelus," seems to have suffered much from its peregrinations to the United States and other places, and does not produce so deep an impression, as, from my remembrance of it, I had thought it would. It seems to have grown darker, and to be perfectly frank, I believe that this well-known canvas has been touched up in certain parts.

On the contrary, "La Bergère" by the same painter, is a marvel. An indescribable amalgam of ruggedness and grace characterizes this canvas on which the marks of time seem to have left no imprint.

Meissonier, who once was so highly regarded, loses something of his old prestige now that one can calmly analyze his work. His painting, done with the aid of a magmisping glass, now creates little impression on the observer. His "1807," now in your Metropolitan Museum, and which represents most accurately the battle of Friedland, is an example of that fastidious precision in execution which did not overlook a single button on the tunics, a single link of the curb-chains, which is certainly ab-normal in such a frenzied galop of horsemen rushing into conflict with the Russian

His "1814" in the Chauchard collection, on the contrary, shows Napoleon first, followed by his generals, riding across the snows in a silence eloquent of responsibilities and anxieties. This without a doubt is a true work of art. It is the greatest of Meissonier's works, that in which all his abilities are summed up.

What can I say of Corot, unless it is that he is the painter-poet beyond compare, the Alfred de Musset or the Lord Byron of painting, with this difference, that he has all the poetry of these two writers, but that he has banished from his painting every melancholic note. His is a simple

soul, happy to live, to see live, and to let live; he is in one word the painter of optimism.

The "Chevriers des Iles Borromées" is, among the dozen Corots in the Chauchard collection, the one which impresses me the most. This canvas alone is sufficient to hold the observer a long time in a pleasant dream. It is one of the most ethereal evo-cations that has ever been conceived and realized on a square of canvas by any painter! Space is lacking to tell at greater length of this admirable collection, which with the Thomy-Thierry collection, makes it possible for the Louvre to pride itself upon possessing the finest specimens of that incomparable school of landscape painters, the school of 1830.

This new and magnificent legacy to the Louvre has the double advantage of giving the admirers of pictures the opportunity of studying and appreciating their beauties, and of comparing that group of great land-scape painters, all men upright and con-scientious in their art, with that other group, the Modern School, improperly called the impressionist school.

The public with its habitual good sense can now wisely judge the subject, and its verdict is even now known. It is the death warrant, the death blow to the Modern

School, and of those self-styled impression-

Now to theatrical criticism. The National Academy of Music, called the opera, has just produced a lyric drama, "Le Mir-



MR. ALDERS IN " MACBETH"



Photo Felix
MLLE, BARELLY OF THE ATHENEE
Creation Docuillet



Photo Bert
MLLE. CHENAL OF THE OPERA IN "THE MIRACLE"

acle," the music of which is by M. Georges Hüe. I will not undertake to tell in detail all its interesting contents, all its fine qualities. The score is characterized by sincerity and clearness of style. I limit myself to saying that the composer has the right to be satisfied with his work. That the audience was more than satisfied was shown by its hearty applause. Mile. Chenal is an interpreter far above the average, who by her voice, her talent and her beauty increased the interest in the rôle of Alix, the courtesan, who is the heroine of this drama.

For a Parisian, or rather I should say for a boulevardier, there is nothing easier than to distinguish the origin of a toilette. The first night "Le Miracle" was given at the opera, it was easy for me, even with an opera glass, to name every one. Whether it is a question of one of Doeuillet's or of Paquin's creations the decision is a simple matter. There are a dozen dressmakers in Paris who have an individual touch. What to the stranger might be a riddle is no more than child's play to the eye attuned to the latest creations. The genuine creator of fashion, as well as the painter and the sculptor, has his personal characteristics, which are the results of temperament. Since it is true that in all branches of art there must be technique, it is no less true that once acquired it is temperament which gives the finishing touch to technique, thus making a homogeneous and characteristic whole. It is the same with women's hats. One of Madame Lenthéric's creations is at once known by its simplicity. Nothing is more common than the making of eccentric hats, even those big baskets that are like so many screens made to hide the face. But a chapeau de style, with its soft colors, ornamented moderately with an appropriate plume or a well placed knot, harmonizes most happilly with a pretty face.

In another letter, so soon as the reunions sportives are in full swing, I shall endeavor to demonstrate this to you by pictorial comparisons.

A prophecy, which at the moment when the readers of the Theatre Magazine read these lines, will probably have become a reality, is the creation of a new feminine eccentricity, the Jupe-Culotte. What makes me fear the coming of this new heresy is the success of the costumes in "Nebuchodonosor," at the Théâtre des Arts, one of the numerous smaller theatres, of which there are legion in Paris. While these gowns remain purely theatrical costumes, their have their raison d'être, since they are only classic reproductions of the Chaldean era; but if the dressmaker tries to force them on fashion as "street gowns," he will commit a great esthetic blunder. We are no longer able to count the misdoings of certain dressmakers, but we can certainly have the right to deplore them.

Petronius.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

The above article is the third in a series of letters from the French capital, and we have no doubt that our readers have already discovered for themselves how interesting and valuable they are. A similar letter will appear in every issue of this magazine. "Petronius" is sparing neither time nor expense to show our fair subscribers the latest novelties of the leading dressmakers and modistes of Paris without being put to the inconvenience of leaving New York.



hoto Felix
MLLE. REGINA BADET, THEATRE ANTOINE
Creation Paquin



hoto Boisso, Nas and Tapomer
MLLE. ARLETTE DORGERE, THEATRE MICHEL
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trimmed with an elaborate white aigrette
Creation of Madame Lenthéric

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AT THE OPERA

(Continued from page 84)

has French, for both Maurice Renaud and Edmond Clement have given recitals at Carnegie Hall. Renaud's was not entirely ideal. One always remembers what a great opera artist he is and pouts when any of his achievements fall below his own high standard. In song recital he rather proves that he needs stage accessories as a background for his singing art. Even his wonderful diction seemed to suffer in the concert room—but for all that and all that, he is a very great artist.

great artist.

With Clement it is different. His refined, finished art and his fine diction made his song recital extremely interesting. He succumbed to the prevailing screams for English and sang three songs in that language which were scarcely evidences of his artistry. But the rest of his program, in French, was one joy.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has given its usual brace of concerts, packing Carnegie Hall to the doors and sending people away for lack of space. That must be a gratifying spectacle to Henry L. Higginson, founder of this famous orchestra, who fought so many years for the cause of this musical organization and who paid its annual deficit without a murmur. The orchestra, as Mischa Elman, that wonder of wonders of violin playing.

Meeelle Sembrich in an avanisition expansed.

Mischa Elman, that wonder of wonders of violin playing.

Marcella Sembrich, in an exquisitely arranged recital which she sang exquisitely, said farewell for several years. Her admirers were out in force and made this great artist sing a lot of encores, just to prove they loved her.

So they go—and they come, too, for Busoni has come back to us with that marvelous technique and that clear, calm thinking head of his, one of the ablest that ever graced a pianist's shoulders. He played two recitals—the first one in rather a disappointing way, but in the second he was in his element, playing Chopin in a wonderfully illuminating manner and Beethoven with the air of authority. He is a great pianist, is Busoni. There have been smaller recitals and concerts without number, but the exigencies of space command silence until next month.

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Caruso and Homer Heard in Aida

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PONENTS OF THESE RÔLES

Opera lovers are not necessarily people who regularly attend the opera, for while the performances of grand opera are confined to the large centres there are thousands of music-lovers all over the land who enjoy grand opera. They rarely have an opportunity to go to a grand opera performance, but have the opera brought to them. They look to the Victor for their productions and are thus enabled to hear the great operatic arias sung by the same famous artists who render them so brilliantly in opera houses hundreds of miles away.

In the March list of new Victor Records the great scene in Act IV of "Aida" between Amneris and Rhadames is given in complete form by Homer and Caruso, the two most famous exponents of these rôles, and the rendition of this dramatic scene is so wonderful that it must be heard to be appreciated. These two artists also sing superbly the great Azucena-Manrico duet from Act II of "Trovatore," and Caruso sings as a solo the favorite Siciliana from "Cavalleria Rusticana," with harp accompaniment, and his exquisite singing of the decrescendo passage at the close of the number is worthy of particular mention.

Rita Fornia, the brilliant young soprano, is

at the close of the number is worthy of particular mention.

Rita Fornia, the brilliant young soprano, is now numbered among the Victor's famous opera singers, and her first records are two selections from rôles in which she has been especially successful at the Metropolitan; her fresh and youthful voice is admirably suited to the music of the Flower Song from "Faust," and the singing of the Page Song from "Romeo and Juliet." The charming Habanera from "Carmen," is finely rendered by that famous French contralto, Jeanne Gerville-Reache. An unusually interesting record is one made by a captive nightingale in Germany, and after hearing this loveliest of warblers it must be said that the results obtained were well worth the elaborate and long continued efforts which were undoubtedly necessary to produce such a remarkable piece of recording.



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Plays of the Month

(Continued from page 74)

cating speeches just the nice touch of naivete that brought conviction and effect. The Faun is one of the best characterizations this painstaking and earnest actor has yet presented. Miss Julie Opp as a suffragette overcame the affections that marred her first act and played the remaining scenes with sincerity and theatric judgment. The youthful lovers were neatly portrayed and the older lovers capitally delineated by Albert Gran and Nina Herhert.

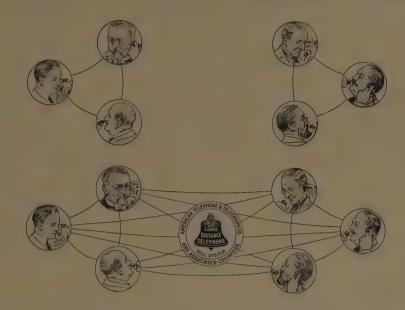
ASTOR. "THE Boss." Play in four acts by Edward Sheldon. Produced January 30 with this

James D. Griswold, Henry Weaver; Denald Griswold, Howard Estabrook; Emily Griswold, Emily Stevens; Mitchell, Henry Sargent; Lawrence Duncan, Kenneth Hill; Michael R. Regan, Holbrook Blinn; Davis, J. Hammond Dailey; Mrs. Cuyler, Ruth Benson; Gates, John M. Troughton; Porley McCoy, H. A. Lamotter, Scanlan, Wilmer Maid, Rose Wincott; A. Parlor Maid, Miss Cella; Lieutenant of Police, Frank Julian; A. Police Officer. James MacDonald; Another Police Officer, H. G. Weir. All men who understand the science or the common sense of the conduct of life refuse to cherish private animosities. One can withdraw from contact with him who inspires a feeling that is base if it leads to no useful results. He may indeed slay the man by thrusting him from his mind as non-existent. This process of annihilation is easy enough. But when a man is a public character, in office directly or indirectly, using every means in his power, resourceful and able, to fight us with the money that he is stealing from us, it is the duty of every citizen to hate him vigorousty, unceasingly, without compromise and effectually. One who does not hate a boss in our political or economical life is not worthy of being a citizen of these United States, founded on Idealism, holding to it for more than a century as a natural law of our being, and now reduced to the position of having to fight for it and to hope for what is to be, confident that public honesty and decency is in the end unquenchable. One who does not hate a boss, who makes any compromises with him, is not an honest man.

The Boss in the play of that name at the Astor Theatre, by Mr. Edward Sheldon, is a masterly reproduction of the infamous character. He asks us to regard him as an amiable person, as a hero in all circumstances. This Boss starts in life as a barkeeper, becomes a modern business man, a term that is rapidly getting to be the designation of a thief, gains control of the grain trade in a lake port in the eastern part of the State of New York, "does" his underpaid laborers as well as

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286 Fifth Avenue - - -New York knocks him down with a powerful swing on the jaw; the Archbishop (it will be observed that Mr. Sheldon raises everything to the highest power in his fixed tendency to what he holds to be dramatic) visits him in behalf of the strikers. They were boys together at school, and they talk together chummily about their old exploits in fighting and in their own personal combats, the interview ending with the Boss's threat to knock "the block" off the Bishop. A mob attacks the house and break in the windows with stones. The Boss is arrested (but not before showing fight) and sent to jail on the charge of complicity in attempted murder. He has every comfort in jail. The wife gets a pardon for the Boss, which leads to the more or less happy conclusion of the state of married truce between them.

The part that the wife plays in this drama is utterly impossible, and the mannerisms of Miss Emily Stevens only served to render the character more unsympathetic. The character of the Boss and Mr. Holbrook Blinn's acting of it were unimpeachably fine. Mr. Sheldon has been reared on the theory of climax. These climaxes get to be tedious and too obvious. It is an easy method of writing in which everything is subordinated to climaxes. He has skill. He has a career before him. May he use it for good and not for evil.

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NEW THEATRE. "Nobody's Daughter."
Drama in four acts by George Paston. Produced February 13 with this cast:
Mr. Frampton, A. E. Anson; Mrs. Frampton, Theresa Maxwell-Conover; Col. Torrens, E. M. Holland; Mrs. Torrens, Mrs. Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh; Tony, Master George Clarke; Honora May, Pamela Gaythorne; Christine Grant, Helen Reime; Teresa Holyrod, Olive Wyndham; Sir Jasper Marchmont, William Raymond; Will Lennard, Frank Gillnore; Jane, Mary Doyle.

No there on the stage has been more unprofit-

Torrens, Mrs. Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh; Tony, Master George Clarke; Honora May, Pamele Caythorne; Christine Grant, Helen Reimei; Teresa Holyrod, Olive Wyndham; Sir Jasper Marchmont, William Raymond; Will Lennard, Frenk Gillmore; Jane, Mary Doyle.

No theme on the stage has been more unprofitable than that of illegitimacy of birth. It has been essayed again and again, at times by dramatists of great distinction, without distinct success. It would seem to be a hopeless subject, for it involves a problem of a most difficult nature. But here is a play, "Nobody's Daughter." which escapes the morbid, avoids philosophical discussion, and reduces its problems to a dramatiand personal basis in no unnecessary way. The unnecessary play, it matters not what its intent is, is a nuisance. The New Theatre has made no mistake in adopting this play, which has been approved for its qualities by a long run in London. The dramatist (Miss Symonds, writing under the assumed name of George Paston) has centred the interest in a charming girl, delightfully innocent in a real rural way, who is ignorant of the illegitimacy of her birth and is not touched by any sense of wrong. This treatment makes the play possible. The girl wins us before we can refuse to admit her to our conventional hearts. She has lived all her life with an old nurse, whom she knows as her mother, believing her father to be dead. Her real parents, eminently respectable people, livin the neighborhood. They had committed their fault in early youth, been separated without marriage, and have families. She, the wife of another, he, the husband of a loving wife. The mother wishes to have the girl emerge from her simple life and marry in her "proper" station; she visits her daughter and finds that she is in love with a young mechanic of the neighborhood. It is finally arranged that the girl shall live with Mrs. Frampton, who is really her mother, for six months, to be free after that time to choose her own life. It is an experimental adoption. She is fitted out with gooms a

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Mr. E. A. Anson, as Frampton, was good; Mrs. Dellenbaugh, as Mrs. Torrens, fine, and Helen Reimer, as the Scotch nurse, superb.

HERALD SQUARE. "The Paradise of Ma-HOMET." Opera Bouffe in two acts. Book and lyrics by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith. From the French of Henri Blondeau. Music by Rob-ert Planquette. Produced January 17 with this

the French of Henri Blondeau. Music by Robert Planquette. Produced January 17 with this cast:

Babouch, Florence Kolb; Vaninka, Lillian Seville, Ali, Albert Crecelius; Hassan, Joseph Guthrie; Maboul, Harry MacDonough; Clarisse, Maude Odell; Prince Cassim, George Leon Moore: First Friend, Harry Murphy; Second Friend, Robert Latsch; Bengaline, Grace Van Studdiford; Noah Vale, Robert G. Pitkin; Baskir, H. David Todd; Narestan, Charles Knapp; Nemea, Marta Speurs; Zeline, Shirley King; Alphonse, Karl Stall.

For comic-operatic purposes long ago Turkey was partitioned among the Powers. The Sultan has been made to obey the baton of musical conductors and do his song and dance as well as the rest of them. The public has been admitted to the harem without formality and the favorites have delighted us in every possible manner. This insistence upon the Orient for our pleasure in idle moments is proper enough. We get away from a world of facts and figures and reach a land of dreams and nothingness. "The Paradise of Mahomet" goes back to Planquette for its music and to Blondeau for its book, although the book and the lyrics have been worked over with a muck-rake by the Smiths. Mr. Silvio Hein directs the music, having revised the original and interpolated new. The Sultan does not appear in this opera. A beautiful Turkish girl (Grace Van Studdiford) became a wife and a widow on the same day, her husband having left for the wars and being supposed to have been killed. A marriage broker has claims on her, but only wants her money. She is in love with Prince Cassim and finally gets him, after the marriage broker's discarded wife turns up. This more or less beautiful piffle fills out an evening of entertainment. The opera accomplishes its real purpose. It is staged with more than common taste and effective beauty. The scene of the Quay of Constantinople and the Oriental gardens of Prince Cassim are luxuries of splendor and color. Grace Van Studdiford has a voice of a higher order than is usually found in comic opera and sings wi

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HERALD SQUARE. "THE BALKAN PRINCESS." Musical play in prologue and two acts. Music by Paul A. Rubens. Book by Frederick Lonsdale and Frank Curzon. Lyrics by Paul A. Rubens and Arthur Wimperis. Produced February 9 with this cast:

Grand Duke, Robert Warwick; Count Boethy, W. T. Carleton; Captain Radomsir, Kenneth Hunter; Lieutenant Varna, Fritz Macklyn; Max Hein, Percy Ames; Blatz, Teddy Webb; Lounger, Harold de Becker; Emil. Harry Lewellyn; Hermann, Fred Hudler; Henri, Herbert Corthell; Magda, May Boley; Olga, Marie Rose; Sofia, Vida Whitmore; Paula; Rose Firestone; Tessa, Bobby B. Nichols; Carmen, Carmen Romero; Margherita, Boshy B. Nichols; Carmen, Carmen Romero; Margherita, Daisy James; Teresa, Peggy Merritit; Cashier, Sylvia Clark; Princess Stephanie, Louise Gunning; Five Nobles; Four Waitresses.

Daisy James; Teress, Peggy Merrit; Casnier, Sylvia Four Waitresses.

"The Balkan Princess' is distinctly more interesting than the customary inchoate musical play in that it has consistency and, where its episodic interpolations are introduced, they are at least definite. Thus, some very substantial amusement is afforded by Mr. Herbert Corthell as a restaurant waiter. His treatment of the customers, although at times preposterous, is genuine fun and has a spontaneity about it that is a relief from the conventionalities handed down from one comedian to the other. Louise Gunning as the Princess, has the kind of qualities and attractions that get over the footlights in a personal and intimate way. She is singing to you and not to the vague general public at large. The story is a simple one. The Princess rules over the mythical realm of Balaria, and is to select one of six grand dukes within the week or abdicate. One of the dukes refuses to come. This is the one who, after various misunderstandings, marries her. It is a real love affair, for she is willing to give up the throne for him, and he loves her all the more because of her unselfishness. The opera is remarkable for the potency of its love songs and some dances that



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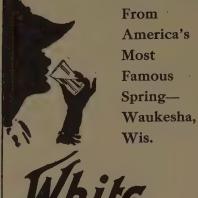


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accompany them which are very beautifully contrived. Miss Whitmore, a daintier person than Miss Gunning, with her fulness of physical attraction, gave a phase of love-making of an effective kind. Mr. Robert Warwick, as the recalcitrant duke, was the centre of the combined love interest and carried off the song, "Dear, Delightful Woman," finely. The evolutions of the double octet gave the song a veritable magnitude in color, animation and tunefulness. Altogether "The Balkan Princess" is the most satisfactory opera of its kind seen here recently.

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GAIETY. "EXCUSE ME." Farce in three acts by Rupert Hughes. Produced February 13 with

GAIETY. "Excuse Me." Farce in three acts by Rupert Hughes. Produced February 13 with this cast:

Harry Mallory, John Westley; Ira Lathrop, Scott Cooper; Rev. Walter Temple, John Findlay; Jimmie Wellington, James Lackaye; Arthur Fosdick, John Davidson; Roger Ashton, Harry Carter; Harold Wedgewood, Harry Kendall; The Porter, Willis Sweatman; The Conductor, Thomas H. Walsh; Lieut. Hudson, Alonzo Price; Eieut. Shaw, E. H. O'Connor; Mr. Baumann, Frank Manning; The Gambler, Alonzo Price; The Train Butcher, Frank Dee; First Highwayman, E. H. O'Connor; Second Highwayman, Alonzo Price; Rev. Charles Selby of Ogden, Ftank Dee; Marjorie Newton, Anna Murdock; Kathleen Llewellyn, Rita Stanwood; Anne Gattle, Grace Fisher; Mrs. Walter Temple, Lottie Alter; Mrs. Fosdick, Ouida Bergere; Mrs. Jimmie Wellington, Isabel Richards; Mrs. Whitcomb, Margherita Sargent.

"Excuse Me" is an exceedingly amusing farce. We wish to congratulate Mr. Rupert Hughes, a writer of fine ability. "Excuse Me" has a slight plot, but it is a workable plot. Briefly, the story is that of a young Lochinvar, out of the west, a lieutenant in the army, who has to reach San Francisco in time to catch a transport to the Philippines, reaches the transcontinental train, with Marjoric, the girl he is eloping with, just as it is pulling out. Their taxicab had broken down, and their marriage by a minister had been prevented. They hoped to find a minister on the train, but inquiry reveals none. In point of fact, a minister and his wife, both of them tired of the dreariness of clerical life, have started out on a holiday trip, determined to have a time of it. At his wife's suggestion that he looks too ministerial, he tells her that he has taken care of that, and twists his black collar around, bringing to the front a flashy red scarf. Thus equipped he becomes quite gay. Another couple succeeds in getting a minister for themselves by telegraphing ahead, but by the time their ceremony is completed, he must leave the train sheld up by two bandits. After a realistic scene immensely, both as Ann and as Marjorie.

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GARRICK. "THE ZEBRA." Farce in three acts by Paul M. Potter. From the French of Nancey and Armont. Produced February 13 with this

Com. Farragut Lee, A. Hamilton Revelle; Col. George De Peyster, Richie Ling; Lieut, Agincourt, Lawrance D'Orsay; Sludge, Alexander Clarke; Prof. Ferishtah, Alfred Hudson, Sr.; Count de la Beauv, Reginald Mason; Bullinger, Ernest Cossart; Milliken, Henry Hall; Hicks, John Harrington; Bulbul, Adelaide Nowak; Ottima, Vera McCord; Kiki, Irene Fenwick; Blenda, Wilhelmina Lewis.

Oftima, Vera McCord; Kiki, Irene Fenwick; Blenda, Wilhelmina Lewis.

"The Zebra" is a farce from a French play of the same name. The Zebra is a balloon and the complications come from the fact that it remains sailing through the air an hour or two longer than expected. Two husbands, in order to get away to their pleasures in Paris, announce to their wives that they have arranged for an ascension with a celebrated aeronaut. They return home at the time the balloon was expected to descend, and they find from the newspapers that the Zebra is missing and has not been heard from. They realize that they must escape from the house at once, and being short of funds on account of the nature of the business they were engaged in at Paris, it is necessary to steal a roll of bills which had been put in the safe by the wife of

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one of them. Not being able to escape from the house, they take refuge on a balcony in the room which is used as a part of the library of the father-in-law, who is engaged in psychical research. After the discovery of the theft of the money detectives are placed around the house, and the two, then, are prisoners. The hobby of the father-in-law provides a number of scenes. He wishes for a certain book, and it descends on him from the balcony. A very comical character is played by Alexander Clarke, who professes to fall into trances at the will of the old man in his experiments with the psychic force. He gives a most cheerfully idiotic and indescribably amusing performance. The most pleasing personality in the farce is Irene Fenwick, a shop girl, who comes to deliver a new frock. She is compelled to remain over night, and on occasion appears in her nightgown. It is hardly necessary to give a detailed account of the happenings in such a slight farce devised only for amusement.

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CRITERION. "SIRE." Comedy in four acts by Henri Lavedan. Adapted by Louis N. Parker. Produced January 24 with this cast:

Denis Roulette, Otis Skinner; Abbé Remus, John Clulow; Doctor Cabot, A. G. Andrews; Darling, Charles B. Wells; Brossette, Edward Fielding; Vérougnoux, Arthur Row; Camus, Walter Scott; Lagratte, Arthur Hyman; Maitre Lévourneaux, Thomas Kingsbury; a soldier, George Devereaux; Mademoiselle de Saint-Salbi, Mabel Bert; Léonie Bouquet, Izetta Jewel; Gertrude, Alice Gale; Madame Aurelie, Margaret Sayres.

de Saint-Sabli, Mabel Bert; Léonie Bouquet, Izetta garet Sayres.

It is a matter for regret when we find an actor of Otis Skinner's rank wasting his gifts on a play like "Sire." It is a pity to see his magnificent physique, his splendid, well trained voice, his exceptional charm of personality given to the service of such trivial stuff as this. For several seasons now Mr. Skinner has been seen in nothing but vagabond rôles. They have become, so to speak, a specialty with him. He seems to love best these rollicking, careless types, the easy swagger, the broad humor that raises loud guffaws, grandiloquent, bombastic speech. Beware, dear Otis Skinner, of the lines that tickle the ear! Your best friends regretfully see in you this tendency, and wish to see you resume your proper place either in Shakespearian repertoire or in serious modern drama.

"Sire" has to do with the Dauphin who, had he lived, would have been Louis XVII. Mile. Saint-Salvi, an aristocratic, elderly spinster, is convinced that the Dauphin was not killed in the Temple, but is still living. Gradually it becomes the obsession of her life to meet again the Prince to whom as a girl she had given a certain flower. Fearing for her reason, her doctor and abbe induce Dennis Roulette, a strolling player, to impersonate the lost Dauphin. If this idea had been carried out in a serious vein the impression made by the play might have been different, but written and acted in the spirit of farce there was not the slightest illusion or interest.

BROADWAY. "THE HEN-PECKS." Musical play in two acts. Words by Glen MacDonough. Notes by A. Baldwin Sloane. Rhymes by E. Ray Goetz. Produced February 4 with this cast: Silas, Sam Watson; Henorita Peck, Gertrude Quunlan; Henrietta Peck, Lillian Lee; Hiram, Joseph Keno; Dr. I. Stall, Bert Leslie: Henderson Peck, Stephen Maley; Verbena Peck, Edith Frost; Zowie, Vernon Castle, Yerbena Peck, Edith Frost; Zowie, Vernon Castle, Yerbena Peck, Edith Frost; Zowie, Vernon Castle, Angie Weimars; Henry Peck, Lew Fields; Rufe, Frank Whitman; Henolia Peck, Ethe Johnson; Ayer Castle, Laurence Wheat; Henella Peck, Blossom Seeley; Montgomery Muggs, Fred Roberts; Launcelot Gaggs, Harry Pond; Ravioli, Joseph Kane; Mrs. Murgatoyd, Nan Brennan; Mile. Twinkle Toes, Mazie King; Major Manley, Hazel Allen; Ermengarde, Dolly Filley; Casey Jones, Virgil Bennett.

It matters little in what Lew Fields appears.

ley, Hazel Allen; Ermengarde, Dolly Filley; Casey Jones, Virgil Bennett.

It matters little in what Lew Fields appears. He is always a delight and while he is on the stage you are sure to get your money's worth. It cannot be said, however, that "The Hen-Pecks" shows this clever comedian at his funniest. The piece itself is little better than a vaude-ville show and much of the humor is too obvious to be wholly enjoyable. The story has to do with a hayseed family, the head of which comes to New York to escape his wife who is a virago. She follows him, with what complications may be guessed. There is a shaving act in which Lew Fields plays the part of an eccentric barber, and a number of conventional songs which Gertrude Quinlan delivers with spirit. Ethel Johnson and Lawrence Wheat do some clever dancing.

EMPIRE. "THE TWELVE POUND LOOK."
Drama in one act by J. M. Barrie. Produced
February 13 with this cast:
Sir Henry Sims, Charles Dalton; Lady Sims, Mrs.

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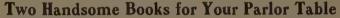
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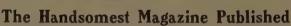
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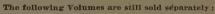
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Sam Sothern; Kate, Ethel Barrymore; Tombes, James

Sam Sothern; Kate, Ethel Barrymore; Tombes, James Kearney.

Ethel Barrymore changed her bill at the Empire on February 13th, substituting J. M. Barrie's charming comedy "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" for Pinero's "Trelawny of the Wells." In this play Miss Barrymore is seen at her best. The comedy was followed by a one-act play, also by J. M. Barrie, entitled "The Twelve Pound Look." This proved to be an amusing little comedy, very human in its appeal and full of clever dialogue. Sir Harry Sims has been married twice. The first Mrs. Sims, who has got her divorce and is making her own living as a stenographer, comes in the line of her duties to the home of her former husband just on the eve of his being knighted, when he is engaged rehearsing the ceremony. Questioned as to how she is getting on, the first wife says she is happy and contented. She says she saved up twelve pounds, or sixty dollars, and that enabled her to buy a typewriter and thus achieve independence. She adds caustically that it is just as much as a woman needs to get away from such a confirmed egoist as her husband proved to be. The same twelve pound look of scorn comes into the second Mrs. Sims' eyes before the final curtain falls.

ASTOR. "JUDITH ZARAINE." Drama in four acts by C. M. S. McLennan. Produced January 16 with this cast:

acts by C. M. S. McLennan. Produced January 16 with this cast:

David Murray. Charles Waldron; Colonel Pontifex, John E. Kellerd; Conrad Borinski, Emmett Corrigan; Jack Borinski, Gordon Johnstone; Lieutenant Trench, Walter Cluxton; Lieutenant Goodrich. Edward Langford; Orderly, Charles Dowd; Carl Borinski, Donald Gallaher; Judith Zaraine, Lena Ashwell.

Lena Ashwell, an English actress of considerable distinction, has not been fortunate in the vehicles which she has selected for her American appearances. "The Shulamite," in which she appeared here some four years ago, was a little less than a succès d'estime, and long before the final curtain fell on "Judith Zaraine" it was doubted if this new offering would be more acceptable. The play belongs to the capital and labor class of dramas. The United Mining Company has driven a weak concern to the wall, throwing thousands of men out of work. Judith, who is a dreamer, urges the workmen to' resistance. The fight is at its height when David Murray, the head of the United Mining Company, comes to investigate, disguised as a reporter. Judith persuades him that the men are in the right and she finally marries him. The play is weak and tiresome and not even the fact that it was well played could save it from oblivion.

GARRICK. "Our World." Drama in four acts by Walter Hackett. Produced February 6 with this cast:

with this cast:

Hope Sommers, Doris Keane; Mrs. Constance Sommers, Amelia Gardner; Herbert Morley, Malcolm Duncan; Dr. John Morley, Campbell Gollan; Black. Alice Putnam; Parsons, Olive Murray; Hutchins, Herbert Budd; Arthur Railton, Vincent Serrano.

This play proved a hopeless failure and was speedily withdrawn. A girl is suspected of tainted heredity, and Dr. Morley determines to test her before approving of her engagement to his son, Herbert. The girl goes to New York, takes too much wine and becomes intoxicated. Rescued by her mother, the girl realizes her narrow escape and returns to be happy with Herbert.

Plays Current in New York

Plays Current in New York

The following plays were running at the principal New York theatres at the time of going to press (February 20th): "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" and "The Twelve Pound Look," at the Empire; "Alma, Where Do You Live?" at Weber's; "Baby Mine," at Nazimova's 39th St.; "Chantecler," at the Knickerbocker; "Excuse Me," at the Gaiety; "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," at Geo. M. Cohan's Theatre; Hippodrome; "I'll Be Hanged If I Do," at the Comedy; "Madame Sherry," at the New Amsterdam; "Marriage à la Carte," at the Casino; "Naughty Marietta," at the New York; "Nobody's Daughter," "The Piper" and "The Blue Bird," at the New Theatre; "Nobody's Widow," at the Hudson; "Over Night," at the Hackett; "Pomander Walk." at Wallack's; "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," at the Republic; "Seven Sisters," at the Lyceum; "The Balkan Princess," at the Herald Square; "The Boss," at the Astor; "The Concert," at Belasco's; "The Faun," at Daly's; "The Gamblers," at Maxine Elliott's; "The Happiest Night of His Life," at the Criterion; "The Havoc," at the Bijou; "The Hen-Pecks," at the Broadway; "The Slim Princess," at the Globe; "The Spring Maid," at the Liberty; "The Zebra," at the Garrick.



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I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

Green Room, Ottawa, Can.—Q.—Will you kindly tell me what you can about the origin of the name Green Room? A.—The term Green Room is as old as the Roays of the Elizabethan drama. It was derived originally from the green rushes which, in place of carpet, were strewn upon the floor of the retiring rooms of the players in the early theatres. Later, paper of a green color was used on the walls and green baize took the players in the early theatres. Later, paper of a green color was used on the walls and green baize took the place of the rushes, so that the name is retained to the present day. The first Green Room was at Druy Lane Theatre, London, England. It was built as a reception room for members of the royal family so that they could step from their box to the Green Room and meet the actors. Players received other friends there, also, and chatted and talked with fellow actors during the performance. Rehearsals also were conducted in the Green Rooms, and new plays read to the members of the company. Actors, after making up, would go before the performance to the Green Room, where the stage manager could look them over and if not satisfactory they were compelled to return to their dressing rooms for a more complete toilet. In those early days a prompter and call boy were essential, as a different play was given each night. But now plays have such long runs that an actor is not dependent on a call boy. Green Rooms practically have been out of existence for fifteen or twenty years, so the younger generation scarcely knows the meaning of the word. The latest instance of a Green Room was at the Iroquois Theatre, Chicago. After the theatre was burned a city ordinance compelled the management to change that part of the building devoted to tile Green Room to an exit. Augustin Daly and Richard Mansfield had artistically formerly what a fine, larve Green Room.

parents, and are they living? A.—Miss Billie Burke is the daughter of William E. and Blanche Burke. He father, a well known clown of his day, is not living. A. S., Narberth, Pa.—Q.—When did Eleanora Duse last appear in Philadelphia? A.—At the time of her last visit to this country, which was in 1902. She opened her tour in Boston and was later seen in New

Miss A. W., Trenton—Q.—Have you published any reminiscent articles about Clara Morris? A.—Under our series entitled "The Personal Recollections of Augustin Daly." much space is given to the career of Miss Clara Morris. See our issue of June, 1905.

Barbara Brown—Q.—Is Ring Blanche Ring's real name? A.—Yes, she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Ring. Q.—Will she be seen in a new play this season? A.—Hardly, as she is still appearing in "The Yankee Girl." Q.—Where can photographs of Miss Ring be purchased? A.—We do not know. Many have been reproduced in our pages. The colored cover of the September, 1910, issue of The Theatre shows her as the Yankee Girl.

Subscriber—O.—What cities will Mme. Bernhardt's tour include? Mme. Bernhardt has already been seen in Philadelphia, Chicago, New York and Boston. We are unable further to say exactly in which cities she will be seen. Q.—What plays are included in the repertoire she is presenting? A.—"L'Aiglon," "Jeanne D'Arc," "Camille," "La Sorcière," "Les Bouffons," "La Bamaritaine," "Sapho," "Madame X," "La Tosca," "La Berg," and "Irudes,"

H. B., Grinnell, La.—Q.—Where can I purchase copies of the plays, "The Country Boy" and "The Concert?" A.—The plays you name have not yet been published.

A Subscriber—Nance O'Ne

T. E. M., Arnold, Pa.—Manuscripts of plays are sually typewritten. To place your play send it to a playbroker, or direct to one of the producing managers. V. A. M., Washington—O.—In what will E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe appear this Winter, and will they be seen in Washington, D. C.? A.—Sothern and Marlowe are presenting their Slakespearian repertoire, to which they have recently added "Macbeth." Most likely their tour will include Washington.

Mrs. F. H. M., Long Hill—Q.—In what operas wil Anna Paylowa and Mikail Mordkin be heard this season? A.—These two Russian dancers were seen or December 20th last, at the Metropolitan Opera House ir "Armide." They also went on an extensive tour.

D. Baldwin, Savannah—For the names of dramatis schools in your city we suggest that you consult you local directory.

Reader—At what theatre is Jane Cowl appearing A.—Miss Cowl is at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, New York appearing in "The Gamblers"

York, appearing in "The Gamblers."

B. J. West—Q.—Have you published a portrait of William T. Hodge, or scenes from "The Man from Home?" A.—Portraits of Mr. Hodge appeared recently, in November, 1907, and in January, 1910. Scenes

1907.

H. T. Adams, Chicago—The information you seek may be found in Julius Cahn's Theatrical Guide.

D. C., New York—Q.—In what number did you published.

March, 1910.

C. R. J.—Q.—Can you give some information about the stage career of Ethel Johnson? A.—She was born in Chicago and made her stage debut in that city in the chorus of "The Burgomaster" in 1901. Shortly afterward she was given a part in this play. She was next seen in "The Tenderfoot," then came "The Storks," "The Pearl and the Pumpkin," "The Red Mill." and

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Some New Books

Memories and Impressions of Helena Mod-Jeska. An Autobiography. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1910. \$4.00

Memories and Impressions of Helena MonJeska. An Autobiography. Illustrated. New
York: The Macmillan Company. 1910. \$4.00
net.

Of the five hundred and seventy pages of this
autobiography, two hundred and fifty-six are devoted to life in Poland. Modjeska was born in
Cracow on the 12th of October, 1840. As a
child she witnessed the horrors of more than one
insurrection. Throughout her life she was intensely devoted to her hapless country. She
praises its people and lauds its artists. She was
hardly out of her teens when she married G. S.
Modjeska, whom she first met as her tutor when
she was a girl of ten. He was twenty years her
senior. Her second child, a daughter, died in 1855.
She adds: "They say misfortunes never come singly, but are accompanied by other misfortunes,
forming a long-linked chain. Blow after blow
struck my heart and bruised it to the core. Family
considerations do not allow me to give the details
of all I suffered at that time; but after fearful
struggles with inexorable fate, I found myself
free, but ill and at the point of death. My mother
and my brother Felix brought me and my little
son to Cracow, and I never saw Mr. Modjeska
again." Her first experiences were with a wandering company, of which period she recites
many curious anecdotes. The story is too miutely recorded to admit of detail here. She finally became the leading actress at the Warsaw
Theatre and there had her triumphs. In 1868
she was married to Charles Bozenta Chlapowski,
a young man of aristocratic family. The Warsaw Imperial Theatre was controlled and subsidized by the Russian government and composed
of an opera company, a comic opera, a ballet, a
drama, and a comedy company. It had three orchestras, two choruses, a ballet school, a dramatic school, and a large number of officials, high and
low, with workmen of all kinds. The salary list
included from seven to eight hundred people
The Theatre owns a main building, the area of
which is equal to a large square in New York
city, containing two theatre audit

JUDITH. A Tragedy in Five Acts by Martin Schutze. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1910. \$1.25.

The story of Judith and Holofernes has a fascination for dramatists who use blank verse. The author of this version has skill and exercises some independence in his treatment of the subject. The merit of the play consists largely in this. It may be said that his play is an improvement on other versions. The principal tragic motive, as he explains, is the irreconcilable conflict between a noble and passionate woman's fanatic and desperate patriotism and her moral nature and personal integrity. The conflict of Judith is further intensified by the presentation of Holofernes as a great man whose power and wisdom yield to the passion inspired by her force and beauty. The old legend of the drunkenness of Holofernes is abandoned because it evades the tragic conflict at the crucial point. The account of the miraculous dispersal of the forces besieging Bethulia is replaced by a more human and rational interpretation of the disintegration of the Assyrian army, while the triumph of her people, through her sacrifice, reacts upon Judith herself in such a manner that the tragic integrity of the motive is preserved.



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The Trend of Fashion in Tailored Suits and Fabrics

HERE are so many stunning new styles that it is difficult to decide just where to begin a chronicle of them. Perhaps the most important at the moment are the new street dresses and suits that resemble dresses. Of the many of these I have seen the palm must be awarded to Redfern models, and garments made therefrom. Other admirable styles there are from the famous Paris dressmakers, but thus far the Redfern models are those

which I believe will best please the refined taste of American women.

Several of these suits and dresses are adaptations from costumes worn by Charlotte Corday. Indeed, it is the epoch of the first Republic and the first Empire that are the sources of the fashionable shapes this spring. Hence, there is the continuation of the high waistline in all garments of the more elaborate aspect. This may be only two inches above the normal waistline, or it may rise four or five inches therefrom. The latter is mostly seen in evening gowns, and in dressy tailored

At first it may seem strange that such a high waistline should be admirable in a tailored suit, and it would be more exact to say that the skirt terminates four or five inches above the normal waistline in the extreme modes in tailored suits, for, after all, the skirt is nicely adjusted about the waist and hips, and so follows closely their outlines. The reason the skirt extends so far up is that the modish suit is completed by a smart little Eton jacket. The general effect of this new suit is that of a princess gown, for the Eton is a fitted affair with lines and trimmings corresponding to those in the

skirt. One of the simple and elegant models may be cited as an example. The three-piece skirt consists of one wide front gore and two narrow side gores, so that one seam is in the centre back, and the others one on each hip. These seams are either piped with a contrasting material or are made in welted seam style. To correspond with these skirt seams there is a seam in the centre back of the Eton jacket, and one under each arm.

The Eton jacket comes down well over the top of the skirt, so that there is no possibility of the bodice showing between skirt and jacket, yet it is of a short, becoming and jaunty length that does not reach the normal waistline by some three inches. Thus can be seen the necessity for the skirt to extend four or five inches above the normal waistline.

Princess dresses for street wear follow closely the outlines indicated for the Eton tailored suit. There is a tendency in both of these to use the broad back panel, and the novel feature in this is to leave it unattached to the skirt for twelve inches or more from

the bottom, thus giving the effect of a flat sash. The back panel may be used to give greater width than the fashionable one to the skirt, yet withal retain the two-yard appearance. This can be done by finishing the skirt proper with an inverted plait, and covering it with the panel.

The fashionable skirt is of the two-yard width. Straight lines continue to be accented in all skirts, whether for tailored suits or costumes. It is impossible to obtain the modish effect in a skirt that is wider than two yards and a quarter, and even that width does not look so stylish as the two-yard one when correctly cut.

Striped materials are much used. These are generally the narrow hairline stripes alternating with a wider one of a contrasting color. Black and white and white and black are combinations that continue to be much favored. The new idea in the use of stripes is that they shall be employed in vertical lines for the garment, and that the trimming bands shall be cut on the length of the goods; that is, in horizontal lines. A clever idea for the band at the bottom of the skirt is that it shall only be sewed thereto at the upper edge. On some



Photo Felix

MME. L. DE ROSTORO

models this band is laid only across the front of the skirt, and just before it ends at the side a small plait may be laid underneath to give extra width to the skirt. This plait is invisible but useful, as the band is not sewed down at the side, but finished there by a row of closely set buttons, often of white pearl.

Black and white shepherd's checks of moderate dimensions are employed for both suits and dresses, generally relieved by some dash of brilliant color in the way of satin or embroidery placed across the shoulders or bust. Green, blue, yellow, and the fruit shades of red are favorites for this purpose, though the vivid

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A Foulard with a soft satin finish, either broché or plain, with an exclusive design in white, makes a very handsome costume, and calls for little or no trimming. Black and white and blue and white will undoubtedly predominate in popularity, but dresses of lovely green, rose or mauve shades will also be much worn. These Foulards all come 43 inches wide and range in price from \$2.00 to \$4.00.

Japanese Silk Shirtings come in all colors, with checks and stripes, and the colors are guaranteed not to fade even the least little bit. For making tailored shirts for women or cool shirts for men, nothing can surpass this silk for smartness, durability and usefulness. They measure 27, 30 and 32 inches, and cost \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

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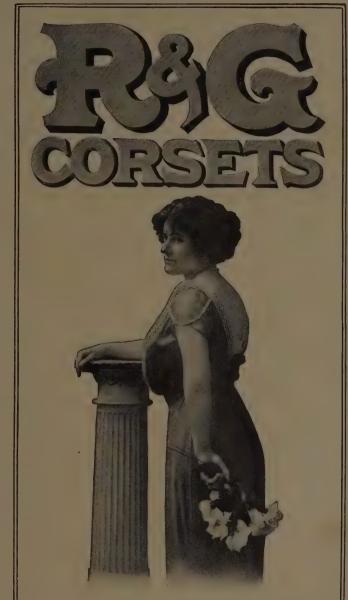
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shades of purple are also sometimes used with advantageous effect. Serge and similar fine weaves of material are fashionable for street dresses as well as suits. White, muffin and other odd shades of tan and very dark blue are the smart colors. They look exceedingly well trimmed with silk braid. One lovely model is of cravenetted English serge in the midnight blue shade with the back panel of the skirt trimmed with long lines of black silk braid corresponding with those on the short Eton jacket, and further embellished with a wide black satin collar, which falls in front in wide, soft revers. The advantage of a cravenetted serge is that the dust stays on the surface, and can be easily brushed off, while if it is not cravenetted the dust is quickly ground into the serge, and it is impossible to dislodge it even with the most vigorous brushing. Then, too, if any cravenetted material becomes disfigured by spots they can be quickly removed by means of warm water, pure soap and a little ammonia.

For the tailored suit for warm weather there is nothing cooler or smarter than the cravenetted English mohairs. They come in plain colors, in shadow check and stripe designs, and in the mannish gray mixtures similar to the designs shown for men's wear. These cravenetted English mohairs are admirable for traveling suits and coats, as well as for those intended for motor wear and general use. Many men have discovered that they make the ideal summer business suit, as rain will neither spot nor wrinkle them. But be sure you get the genuine Priestley cravenetted English mohairs and serges.

Any cravenetted material is an ideal fabric for the raincoat, whether it be for summer or winter wear, because it contains no rubber, and therefore will not overheat the wearer. Paris accents the use of cravenetted covert cloth for motor garments this spring. One of the most attractive of these is by Bernard, and is of a grayish tan cravenetted covert. The long, close sleeves are made in one with the upper part of the garment, thus giving the kimono sleeve effect. The long, full-length skirt of this coat is attached to the shoulder and sleeve-piece by means of a slight arch front and back, thus forming a yoke effect. There are only two seams in this skirt portion, one under each arm, so that the fashionable straight lines are preserved in all their elegance. The front of the skirt laps well over to the left side, where it fastens with two immense buttons of the covert rimmed in horn. There is an odd wide collar of the stitched covert that disappears in front into a long, narrow roll. The neck opening is filled in with a vest of cherry satin embroidered in Bulgarian design with black and blue silk. This vest is adjustable, so that it can be discarded when

The many modes shown in black wool and all silk satin consists mostly of long wraps and smart tailored suits. One lovely evening wrap has a wide satin collar elaborately embellished with white porcelain beads applied in floral design. A black and blue changeable chiffon wrap has the rounded fronts and entire edge bordered with black velvet, and there is a black velvet sailor collar over which is laid a smaller one of point de Venise lace, and both lace and velvet collar are edged with a narrow quilling of black velvet ribbon.

Some of the colors shown in chiffon coats intended for evening wear are intense, not to say glaring, and the combinations of color



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are characterized by audacity rather than artistic perception. What can be said in favor of the combination of crude yellow with vivid green? Or of a bright metallic shade of blue with rose? Some of the satin evening wraps show this same tendency to garish colors and combinations thereof. If, indeed, we are at the beginning of a voeu of brighter colors, to succeed they must be set before us in more artistic guise than those thus far seen.

Bulgarian embroideries are everywhere shown as the ornamentation of white frocks and waists. Among the best of these is to be noted a decided softening of the bright colors so much used by the peasants of eastern Europe. Some of the daintiest of the new voile and marquisette waists and costumes are embroidered in cameo colorings; that is, in several shades of one color. These are mostly made in low round or square neck style, and with elbow or three-quarter length sleeves, it being intended that they shall be worn over a high neck and sleeved guimpe of lace or net.

Over-blouses of chiffon, silk voile or marquisette to match the color of the tailored suit will be de rigueur for the early season, and, in fact, for the well-dressed woman throughout the summer. These may be worn over waists of net, lace, or all-over embroidery.

Silks will undoubtedly be worn much more this season. Besides the satins the fine qualities of Shantung and tussor will be used for tailored suits. But it is in the realm of the costume, and the dress intended for morning as well as afternoon wear, that silk will reign supreme. If you desire exclusive styles in silks, whether it be in the handsome brochés, soft satins, and shimmery, transparent voiles and marquisettes for elaborate costumes, or the cool and summery foulards for simpler gowns, then I strongly advise you to look over the splendid collection shown by Vantine. One of their new silks is fleur de soie. It is as light as a feather, resembling somewhat the India silks, but much handsomer in appearance. Among the designs are those suitable for the construction of the smartest of afternoon frocks as well as for the more simple morning dress. Then there are the washable Habutai silks,

of which this shop makes a specialty, and which come in all the fashionable shades and most up-to-date designs. One of the great advantages of the Vantine silks is that whether they are woven in China, Japan, or France, they one and all bear the stamp of fashion, since they are invariably dyed and printed in Lyons, the French city from which silk fashions issue.

There are lovely designs in striped voiles, marquisettes and chiffons which cannot be found in any other shop. Among these are tiny stripes in two-tone voiles that are quite out of the ordinary in their beautiful color combinations. One of the choicest novelties is bandanna silk, which beggars description, and so must be seen to be appreciated. Among the bordered silks, and bordered silks are to be immensely popular, are many designs characterized by the elegance for which Vantine silks are justly famous.

Billie Burke, in the last act of "Suzanne," wears one of the dearest little Empire gowns I have ever seen. It is made of a dull shade of pale blue crêpe, and she looks as though she had just stepped out of some old English print. This is an admirable model for the Easter bride's attendants, even to the quaint little blue bonnet which accompanies it.

So slender is Miss Burke's figure in this gown, and so graceful and easy her movements, that I suspect she is wearing one of the new corsets made of elastic webbing. They are designed and made by Dr. Walters, who thoroughly understands the human anatomy, so that the construction of these corsets are along the most approved hygienic lines. Dr. Walters understands well the ideals which inspire the best French corset makers, so that these corsets are built according to these ideals, with due attention paid to the individual figure. Very few bones are used in these corsets, the strong, elastic webbing, combined with the well-thought-out lines, being quite sufficient to keep even the most superfluous flesh in place. One of their many admirable qualities is that they insure the wearer unusual freedom of movement and comfort, and are therefore particularly indicated for the singer, the actress, and,



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This corset of elastic webbing must not be confounded with Dr. Walter's famous rubber-reducing corsets, so generally worn by fashionable women who desire to retain their youthful figures, or to rid themselves of an overabundance of flesh.

I was much disappointed in the gowns worn by Blanche Bates in "Nobody's Widow." The general praise given them had prepared me for a treat. However, there are some lovely gowns worn by the other actresses in this play that are well worth seeing, both on account of their beauty and the fact that they are so well suited to the wearers. The trouble with the gowns worn by Miss Bates is that they are exact copies of French models that are suited neither to her figure nor her style. I am quite sure that if

she had asked for them at the Paris establishment where they originated, that artistic dressmaker would have found a way to substitute a totally different style for this clever actress.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

Summer is the time when the home-maker revels in dainty, cool furnishings. It is the time when women can exercise their individual tastes in their surroundings to the best advantage, for summer cottages and bungalows do not require the formal effects in period decorations that call for expert advice. Thus the woman who has the happy eye for artistic colorings, and the harmonizing thereof, is in her element when intent upon the purchase of summer draperies, pillows and the like.

A curtain material, which I recently admired in the studio of a well-known portrait painter, I was told could be had for the small sum of \$1.35 a yard at a shop whose upholstery section is little known. Yet I found on visiting it that it contains many of the materials that make the strongest appeal to women of

discriminating taste. For instance, this very curtain material which my artist friend uses for sash curtains, and yet is equally adapted for long curtains, comes in several colors with a changeable effect that is most entrancing, and that will not fade. I particularly admired the gold tone of one piece, and was equally attracted by the dull pale green and blue effect of another.

For the woman that revels in brown and yellow shades for upholstery and draperies, I venture to say that there is no other place in town where she can find such an excellent range of these colors. Even in an inexpensive material at thirty-five cents a yard the golden brown tone is stunning, and it, too, will not fade, so that it is just the thing for the long curtains intended for the living room.

Especially admirable are the new hand-stencilled wash silks that are equally suitable for sash curtains and pillow covers. These are generally on a white ground with the most wonderful and lovely flower designs in various colors.

Another use for these hand-stencilled silks is for the wadded wool coverlet, with which every bedroom at seashore, or in the mountains, should be equipped. These covers are made to order in colors to match the rooms, and add much to the decorations of the room when neatly folded or rolled up at the foot of the bed during the day. The stencilled silks are used for the right side with a deep border of a plain color of which the under side is also made. The price ranges from \$13.50 to \$18, according to the quality of silk chosen.

Then there are hand-embroidered curtains done in wistaria and other drooping vine patterns on a delicate shade of pink, blue or lilac material, which looks like a heavy grass linen. They are just the thing for a colonial room, with its white woodwork, pretty flowered wall paper, and pink and white or blue and white Japanese cotton rugs.

In the same place can be found unusual chintzes for pillow covers, suitable for the piazza or living room, where medium colors are required on account of the constant and hard use to which they are subjected.

Every one knows the vexation, not to say danger, of having the bristles of tooth-brush come out in the mouth. There have been cases of serious strangulation, particularly among children, from a bristle making its way into the windpipe. Many a sore throat might rightly be laid to the irritation caused by a loose bristle. Hence, many will hail with delight a new brush that is so made it is said to be absolutely impossible for a bristle to work loose from the setting. These new brushes come in three sizes, the smallest intended specially for children, and are no more expensive than any other good toothbrush, over which they have such a great advantage.

Looking over a collection of chic new straw and lace hats recently, I was struck with the unusual cleverness of the designer in adapting the latest Paris modes to the American profile. The original French models are to be found in this

shop in abundance, but it is the adaptation of many of them which created my admiration. One there is as light as a feather, because it has been executed without any wire in the brim, but so well done that the waves in the brim are perfect. It is made of the new chameleon straw in the new oblong or airship shape, and is simply trimmed with a knot and wings of velvet, and is a style suitable for traveling and general wear. A medium-sized black tagal straw has a most becoming and graceful side roll to the left brim, which is faced with black velvet, the only ornament being an enormous black bird of paradise, which, by the way, is one of the most fashionable trimmings. It is an ideal hat for a tailored suit, and goes equally well with a dainty lingerie frock. There are many other fascinating models too numerous to mention. The fact that the head of the establishment is able to transform a shape to suit the individual, and furthermore will use aigrettes and feathers that have already been in service, makes it a specially desirable place for those women who like smart yet refined styles, and prefer to



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make their selections in the more exclusive shops rather than in those frequented by any and every one.

Women who are no longer in the first bloom of youth often find that the muscles of neck and face are unnaturally soft, and are inclined to hang down. They try one cream or astringent after another, in the endeavor to find the one best suited to their skin. The astringent lotion is not one to be lightly tampered with, and should only be used under the advice of an expert. I know of one astringent that in years gone by was an excellent remedy, and which, with other facial remedies, was so good that it made a fortune for the owner. But since she has gone abroad to enjoy her well-earned fortune the astringent has deteriorated in quality, and therefore is not to be recommended. But there is a method



MME. CHEMAL

of overcoming this tendency to relaxed muscles that is highly effective if it is persisted in. It not only restores the naturally rounded contours of the cheeks, and does away with the lines and wrinkles under the chin, but it also is an aid in reducing any superfluous adipose tissue,

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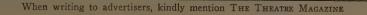
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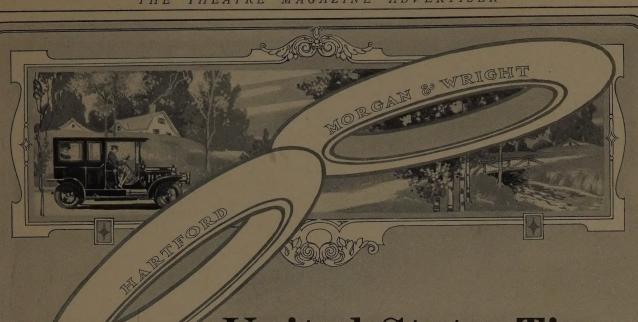
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